

THE LIVING AGE.

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NEW BOOKS.

SECOND ADDRESS TO THE PEOPLE OF MARYLAND. By William H. Collins, of Baltimore. [This is worthy of the former Address, and has no doubt done good service.]

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"DIOGENES" is just as rude as he used to be. He thinks we have had "enough Secession poetry," and implies that we print it to please Secession subscribers. We are sorry to inform him that we have very few subscribers among this class, having lost them some years ago, when, deprecating the everlasting discussion upon slavery, we asserted, from our own recollection, that the excitement was created by Mr. Calhoun for the purpose of uniting the South against the North. Little did we dream that his doctrines had taken such root as to destroy the patriotism of so many!

Another correspondent is "wonderstruck at our copying those wretched doggerels." We have done so, as a part of the living age, not considering them as poetry, but as curiosities, we may say monstrosities, of literature. They show how much the affections, as well as the reason, may be distorted, when people so give themselves up to one idea that they will permit no other to be spoken.

We have no sympathy for such literature. And for the leading spirits, who have weakened and degraded the country in the sight of Europe, we have the same feeling as we should have for the man who would knock down our mother. For all that "has come and gone yet," we do not despair of the love of country in the mass of voters in any State; though we could not have dreamed that insults to the national flag would have been anywhere permitted.

Thank God that our new President enters upon the difficult task of sustaining the government, with an earnest desire to avoid bloodshed. It will be the more difficult for him to do so, because the conspirators are anxious to hurry their dupes into violence, in order to make them desperate.

Some people say, "Let them go! let the separation be peaceful!" This is not so easy to carry out practically. In every one of the Seceding States, there are many true patriots who have been for the moment carried away by falsehood, or terrified into silence by the sudden outbreak of a well-concocted conspiracy which has been drilled for thirty years. We believe that in every one of them, except perhaps South Carolina, a majority would, if they dared, give their votes against Secession. And that this is the opinion of the usurpers is evident, from their refusal to submit their doings to the ratification of the people. Were it otherwise, could we have any reliable evidence that the leading politicians are sustained by the great body of the people of

their States, we should feel that the nation would be happier and stronger for cutting them off;—and should be willing to vote for such an amendment to the Constitution as would give to the President and Congress the power to agree to terms of separation.

A physician in Columbus, Ga., a friend of the Union, has written the following poem:—

"SECESSION CONSUMMATED.

"Yankee Doodle took a saw,
With patriot devotion,
To trim the Tree of Liberty,
According to his 'notion'!

"Yankee Doodle on a limb,
Like another noodle,
Cut between the tree and him,
And down came Yankee Doodle.

"Yankee Doodle broke his neck,
Every bone about him,
And then the Tree of Liberty
Did very well without him!"

Let our statesmen keep prominently the true and simple issue before the people: this attempt at revolution is not caused by any wrong done or threatened, but because people who have ruled the country almost ever since the Union was consecrated, have been defeated in an election. The pretended plea of the right of Secession is one that would make all government impossible. If the Supreme Law which is above all state laws or constitutions, can be set aside at pleasure, much more may a part of a state separate itself from another part;—and this is already talked of in Alabama and Georgia.

Much of this misery is the fruit of the doctrine of State Sovereignty, in which so many Southern people have been educated by leaders who invented it for a weapon against the national government, at a time when they were in opposition to John Adams. We were born in New Jersey, lived long in Pennsylvania, and have now been nearly a score of years a citizen of Massachusetts, to whose people we are greatly indebted, and in whose soul we shall soon be buried. For each of these states we have an especial love; but wider, deeper, high over all, is the love of OUR COUNTRY. Surely, this is an *instinctive* feeling, not absent in any men except in the "dangerous classes."

The *Times* says that we can never again be so great a nation as we have been. We are indeed greatly humbled, but may take heart by remembering that Great Britain is now far stronger than she was before that *Mutiny at the Nore* which threatened to undermine her naval power, and bring her very existence into peril.

"God is our refuge in distress;
A present help when dangers press.
In him undaunted we'll confide."

From The National Review.

EUGENIE DE GUERIN.

Eugénie de Guérin. Reliquiæ. Publié par Jules Barbey d'Aureville et G. S. Trebutien. Caen. Ce volume ne se vend pas.

THE "Remains of Eugénie de Guérin" consist of a short Memoir written by a friend, her own Journal, and some of her Letters. The book has not been published, and the papers were never intended to see the light. Mlle. de Guérin herself was in noways remarkable by her position; she was merely a lady of good family, who lived and died in almost total seclusion from the world. That she numbered one or two men of letters among her friends was due to their connection with her brother, a poet, with some resemblance to Keats in the style of his talent and in his early death. Eugénie de Guérin appears to have shared her brother's artistic temperament; her perceptions of nature were keen, her literary taste good, and her style, commonly of an intense simplicity, is at times relieved by a playful conversational grace. But in all mere intellectual qualities she has been excelled by a dozen women whose names are in every mouth. The matchless charm of her writings lies in the fact that they are the record of a life, written without affectation but also without disguise, intended only for the eyes of a brother and of a friend from whom no thought was a secret; even the father whom she loved passionately was not suffered to see them, lest their melancholy should distress him. Complete up to a certain point, they are also guarded by a feminine reserve from all sentimentalism; they contain much that could never have been said in public, but nothing that might not have been said aloud. The need of a southern and artistic nature to express a portion of what it feels in words has never been suffered to degenerate into chronic garrulity; it was only from time to time that half a dozen sentences, the expression of many days' experiences, were written down; and the few pages that were thus filled are rather the index of a life than an autobiography.

Eugénie was the eldest daughter of a gentleman whose estate had been reduced by the Revolution to the single chateau of Cayla in Languedoc. The little country-house, with its terrace and garden, in the style of Louis Quinze, lay hidden among mountains

and woods; the neighbors consisted of a few cousins and the clergy. When only fourteen, Eugénie, who slept in the same room with her mother, woke up to find her dying. Placed by this bereavement virtually at the head of the family, the young girl, who had been lively and fond of laughter, became thoughtful and collected; her life changed all at once; "it was like a flower thrown upon a coffin." To deep religious impressions she now joined an unusual solidity of character. Partly, perhaps, from a wish to share the studies of her brother Maurice, whom she loved passionately, partly that she might better understand the services of her Church, she insisted on learning Latin. Shut out as she was from books and society, she seems to have felt, what Luther so powerfully expressed, that the human heart is like mill-stones, which, in default of other grist, will grind themselves. As her brother grew up, he of course left home to go into the world. His sisters were too well-born to marry into the *bourgeoisie*, and too poor to be sought in marriage by men of their own rank. Except for the occasion of her brother's wedding, and once after his death, Eugénie never seems to have stayed in Paris; and in her father's house, where a stranger was an event to be recorded and talked over, she was thrown completely upon her own resources. Fortunately, the routine of her days has been described by her sister.

"She rose, except when she was unwell, at six o'clock. After dressing she prayed aloud or in thought; and when she was in a town, she never missed going to hear Mass at the nearest altar. At Cayla, after her prayers, she went into her father's room, either to attend to him or to give him his breakfast, during which she read to him. At nine o'clock she came back into her own room, and repeated the prayers of the Mass. If her father was well and did not want her attendance, she employed herself in writing or reading, or in working, of which she was very fond, having the same fairy-like quickness of finger as of mind; or perhaps she looked over household matters, which she managed with great taste and good sense. At noon she went back to her room, and repeated the *Angelus*; then came dinner-time. After dinner, if the weather allowed, she took a walk to amuse her father, or sometimes that she might visit the neighboring village, if there was a sick person to see or any one in sorrow to comfort. If, on coming back, about two o'clock, she resumed

her reading, she always took her work, and knitted as she read, not liking even the shadow of an idle hour. At three o'clock she went back to her room, where she commonly read the 'Visit to the Holy Sacrament,' by St. Alphonso Liguori, or perhaps the life of the saint of the day. After that she wrote till five o'clock, if her father did not send for her. At five she recited the Rosary, and meditated till supper-time. At seven she joined the family circle, but never stopped working. After supper she went to the kitchen, to pray with the servants, or often, during the vintage, to teach some little ignorant boy his catechism. The rest of the evening was spent in needlework; and at ten o'clock she was in bed, having first read over the subject on which she meant to meditate next day, in order that she might fall asleep with this good thought. Lastly, it is right to add, that every month she prepared herself for death, and chose one of the saints whom she was most drawn to as a model for imitation."

A few details as to the books she read may be gleaned from her Journal. Her favorites are mostly such as a devout woman of strong sense might be expected to choose—"the marvellous thinker, Pascal, Bossuet, and St. Theresa, whose passionate mysticism was so wonderfully tempered by shrewd common sense and by the habit of government." Among more profane authors, Molière and Xavier de Maistre seems to have been the best approved; the latter, a friend of her brother, has evidently influenced her style. Modern literature, perhaps fortunately, was a little rare at Cayla; the *Mémoires d'Andryane*, after some censures, are dismissed with high praise; and De Custine receives more qualified commendation as amusing. Once Victor Hugo's *Notre Dame* was sent for from a neighboring town. It had been a question whether she ought to read it; but she was now in mature life, and decided that she might "meet the Devil without making him a friend." The book was never procured; but we find her soon afterwards sending back *Delphine* unfinished and in disgust. "Mme. de Staël," she observes, "is always preaching right and acting wrong. I detest those women who mount the pulpit and lay their passions bare." Scott, and up to a certain point Lamartine, were the only novelists whom she cordially admired. Her reading was evidently intensive rather than

wide. But the passages which she quotes are without exception of high merit. The few lines of poetry that occur make us regret that the editor has not indicated the sources. Once she quotes from Shakspeare with a characteristic comment: "'There are beings who are taken from the world for little faults; it is in love and to save them from fresh falls. If one did not know that this thought was Shakspeare's, one would think it Fénelon's. Oh, I know to whom I apply it.'"

The application in her own mind was no doubt to her brother Maurice. What the little frailties were which his sister felt so deeply we need scarcely ask. Shortly after his marriage he sickened, and in a few months died. "The affection which covered all others, the heart of her heart," was taken from her. The death was not unexpected, for his health had always been weak; even when she danced at his wedding, Eugénie's presaging affection had tormented her with a second-sight of coffins placed round the room; but the blow was not the less terrible; "If the heavens were to fall," she said, "it would add nothing to my distress." Henceforward only two wishes kept her alive,—the desire to cherish her father's old age, and the hope of publishing her brother's works. Slight as this last wish may appear, it, for some unknown reason, has never yet been accomplished; and Maurice de Guérin is only remembered by the single fragment which George Sand edited, the "Centaur." Mlle. de Guérin lived on through ten years of monotonous suffering, only consoled by the devoted friendship of her own and her brother's friends. For one of these last the latter part of her Journal was kept; to another the few letters that have been printed were addressed. It is curious to find the same gentleman the correspondent of George Sand and of Mlle. de Guérin. Probably, to quote an expression of her own, she had placed the cross between her friend and herself to sustain both. At last, in 1848, the end arrived. "I believe," says her sister, "she saw the approach of death, but she never spoke of it; she would have feared to pain us." One of her last directions was, that her papers should be burned.

The private journals and letters from which our extracts have been made were

saved from destruction, probably, because they were not in the hands of the family. They have been printed for circulation among a few friends. As time removes the reasons for privacy, it is to be hoped that they will be given to the world. Generally, there is a certain indecorum in publishing private experiences or feelings of any kind. But the life of a woman like Mlle. de Guérin is at once so transparent and so deep, that it may bear any scrutiny, and will never be penetrated except by the subtle insight of sympathy. Memoirs of this kind are so scarce that, to the few who value them at all, they are inestimable. But on other and higher grounds their publication is desirable. The large public of honest men and pure women in France are little aware how much their national character is depreciated by the nameless baseness and badness of their novel-literature. It is no inveterate prejudice that leads Englishmen to ascribe the morals of stock-jobbers and of lorettes to a great people whom we sincerely wish to respect; most of us are constrained to take our information second-hand, and to trust to the pictures of French society which native novelists draw; and France suffers for the faults of a class who base their ideal of life on the breach of every commandment except the fifth; just as English society on the Continent is too often judged from the noisy and underbred among our countrymen. Nothing is more likely to remove such misconceptions than the knowledge of such a family interior as the memoirs of Mlle. de Guérin show us, in which delicacy, purity, and the practice of little household charities seem as native to the daily life as they could be in the most blameless English home. With a little change of names and local coloring, the Journal might have been kept, and the life lived, by hundreds of English ladies. It is wonderful to see how slightly even the chief difference, that of faith, affects the writer's character. Probably many English Protestants will be startled to hear of a Catholic lady who was eminently devout, and who yet felt no attractions to conventual life, and disliked confessing to a priest who was not a friend. Only perhaps in one point is there a marked difference. A sensible Englishwoman would regard cheerfulness as a duty in itself, and would shrink from expressing any disgust

with life. The ascetic element in Catholicism inspires a different tone; and Mlle. de Guérin never hesitates to confess that life has no attractions, and that she will be glad to lay it down. "At the bottom of all we find emptiness and nothing," the phrase she quotes from Bossuet, is the key-note to her confessions.

We proceed to quote at some length one or two passages from the Journal. The first that occurs opens cheerfully; it was written before her great loss.

"En lisant un livre de géologie, j'ai rencontré un éléphant fossile découvert dans la Laponie, et une pirogue déterrée dans l'Ile des Cygnes en creusant les fondations du Pont des Invalides. Me voilà sur l'éléphant, me voilà dans la pirogue faisant le tour des mers du Nord et de l'Ile des Cygnes. Voyant ces lieux du temps de ces choses: la Laponie chaude, verdoyante et peuplée, non de nains, mais d'hommes beaux et grands, de femmes s'en allant en promenade sur un éléphant dans ces forêts, sous ces monts pétrifiés aujourd'hui, et l'Ile des Cygnes, blanche de fleurs et de leur duvet. Oh, que je la trouve belle! Et ses habitants qui sont-ils, que font-ils dans ce coin du globe? Descendants comme nous de l'exile d'Eden, connaissent-ils sa naissance, sa vie, sa chute, sa lamentable et merveilleuse histoire; cette Eve pour laquelle il a perdu le ciel, tant de malheur et de bonheur ensemble, tant d'espérances dans la foi, tant de larmes sur leurs enfants, tant et tant de choses que nous savons, que savait peut-être avant nous ce peuple, dont il ne reste qu'une planche? Naufrages de l'humanité que Dieu seul connaît dont il a laché dans les profondeurs de la terre, comme pour les dérober à notre curiosité. S'il en laisse voir quelque chose, c'est pour nous apprendre que ce globe est un abîme de malheurs, que ce qu'on gagne à remuer ses entrailles c'est de découvrir des inscriptions funéraires, des cimetières. La mort est au fond de tout, et on creuse toujours comme qui cherche l'immortalité."

"[In reading a book on geology, I met with a fossil elephant discovered in Lapland; and with a canoe, found in the Ile des Cygnes in digging the foundation of the Pont des Invalides. Behold me on the elephant; behold me in the canoe, gliding over the seas of the north and of the Ile des Cygnes. Looking at these places in the times of these things: Lapland, warm, verdant, and peopled not with dwarfs, but with tall and handsome men; women riding on an elephant in these forests, under these now frozen mountains, and the Ile des Cygnes, white with

flowers and swan's down. Oh, how beautiful it is! And the inhabitants, who are they? What are they doing in that corner of the world? Descendants like ourselves, of the exile of Eden, do they know the story of his birth, his fall, his lamentable and marvellous history: this Eve for whom he lost heaven, so much sorrow and joy together, so many hopes in faith, so many tears shed over their children, so many, many things which we know, how many of them were known before us to this people of whose existence only a single plank remains to testify? Shipwrecks of humanity known only to God; concealed by him in the depths of the earth as if to hide them from our curiosity. If he has suffered us to see something of them, it is to teach us that this globe is an abyss of sorrow; that all that is gained by stirring its depths, is the discovery of cemeteries, of funeral inscriptions. Death is at the bottom of all things,—yet we continue to search, as one who seeks there for immortality.”]

The transition from a string of playful fancies to religion in its most sombre sentiments is highly characteristic of the writer. A strong feeling of any kind, even despair, seems to be a relief from the *ennui* of ordinary life. We in England know something of the craving for occupation in any shape that possesses unmarried women of strong character; but among us it finds vent in a hundred useful or harmless forms,—in district societies, in the study of new sciences, or in writing religious novels. There is comparatively little of this in France. Sisterhoods of Martha and Mary, and such-like kindred forms of ladies' committees, no doubt exist; but they find the poor more jealous of interference than our own are, and the ground is already occupied by the priests, and by those regular fraternities. The prejudice against educated women, which is still far from extinct in England, is infinitely stronger in France, except in a few of the higher circles of the capital. This is no doubt chiefly the result of habit; the ideal of women has been formed from those who are trained in convents and under the priests; and the worthy directresses of schools shrink very naturally from any approach to *la femme émancipée*, and view secular studies beyond the common bent with extreme suspicion. It is something of the same feeling which regards the cultivation of the physique as indelicate, and shrinks from “the rude unfeeling health” which English

ladies derive from riding and long country walks. The native quickness and unrivalled conversational talent of French women enables them to talk, and even to think, well on less knowledge than would sustain any other race. If they marry early, they scarcely feel the want of high intellectual training; or if they come in contact with superior men, they easily seize the ideas that circulate around them. But the want of thought tells none the less, and avenges itself naturally; it leads to a brilliant hollowness in the intercourse of the *salons*, where trifles, scandals, and little narrow views of faith or politics take the place of serious ideas: it is the source of vice, or at least of indiscretion, among the more impulsive and worse trained, who take refuge from vacuity in passion; and in nobler natures, like that of Mdle. de Guérin, it wears away life itself, by the ceaseless tension of the soul. Her position did not often bring her into mixed society. When she saw the world in her visits to Paris, she was able to remain outside it, enjoying it but self-sphered. The relief from solitude and the glitter of new ideas did not attract her so much as the insincerity disgusted her. The judgment she passes is the more remarkable in one who, we are told, made a great success by her character and originality, in spite of her provincial training.

“Tant d'habileté, de finesse, de *chatterie*, de souplesse ne s'obtiennent pas sans préjudice, sans leur sacrifier point de grâces. Et néanmoins je les aime, j'aime tout ce qui est élégance, bon goût, belles et nobles manières. Je m'enchantais aux conversations distinguées et sérieuses des hommes, comme aux causeries perles fines des femmes, à ce jeu si joli, si délicat de leurs lèvres dont je n'avais pas idée. C'est charmant, *oui*, c'est charmant en vérité (chanson), pour qui se prend aux apparences, mais je ne m'en contente pas. Le moyen de s'en contenter, quand on tient à la valeur morale des choses? Ceci dit dans le sens de faire vie dans le monde, d'en tirer du bonheur, d'y fonder des espérances sérieuses, d'y croire à quelque chose. Mmes. de . . . sont venues, je les ai crues longtemps amies, à entendre leurs paroles expansives, leur mutuel témoignage d'intérêt, et ce délicieux *ma chère* de Paris: oui, c'est à les croire amies, et c'est vrai tant qu'elles sont en présence, mais au départ on dirait que chacune a laissé sa caricature à l'autre. Plaisantes liaisons! mais il en existe d'autres heureusement pour moi.”

["So much cleverness, acuteness, kitten-like playfulness, and pliantness, cannot be obtained without injury, without sacrificing to them some graces. And nevertheless I like them; I like all that is elegant, in good taste, of noble and beautiful manners. I am delighted with the dignified and serious conversations of the men, as well as with the lighter talk, pearl-fine, of the women; this play of their lips, pretty and delicate to a degree of which I had not an idea. It is charming, 'Yes, it is charming in truth,' for whoever will be satisfied with appearances, but I am not content with them. How can they content any one who has regard to the moral value of things. Who looks at the world with a view of true life in it, of drawing happiness from it, of founding serious hopes upon it, of believing in something in it. Mmes. de — meet: to hear their candid greetings, their mutual protestations of interest and the delicious 'ma chère' of Paris, I should take them for old friends. Yes, one would think them friends, and so long as they are together it is true; but when they part one would say that each had left her caricature with the other. Pleasant connections! but happily for me there are other kinds in the world."]

How exalted her notion of friendship was, we learn from another passage, which is in itself sufficiently remarkable. It will serve to complete the hasty sketch, to which our space limits us, of a life that deserves to be studied in its entirety.

"J'ai toujours cherché une amitié forte et telle que la mort seule la pût ren-

verser, bonheur et malheur que j'ai eu, hélas! dans Maurice. Nulle femme n'a pu ni ne le pourra remplacer; nulle même la plus distinguée n'a pu m'offrir cette liaison d'intelligence et de goûts, cette relation large, unie et de tenue. Rien de fixe, de duré, de vital dans les sentiments des femmes; leurs attachements entr'elles ne sont que de jolis nœuds de rubans. Je les remarque ces légères tendresses dans toutes les amies. Ne pouvons-nous donc pas nous aimer autrement? Je ne sais ni n'en connais d'exemple au présent, pas même dans l'histoire. Oreste et Pylade n'ont pas de sœurs. Cela m'impatiente quand j'y pense, et que vous autres ayez au cœur une chose qui nous y manque. En revanche, nous avons le dévouement."

["I have always sought a strong friendship —such an one as death alone could destroy, a happiness and a sorrow which I have had, alas! in Maurice. No woman could nor can take his place; none, even the most distinguished, could offer me that fellowship of intelligence and of tastes; that intimate relationship so large, strong, and tender. There is nothing fixed, durable, vital in the sentiments of women; their attachments among themselves are only pretty knots of ribbon. I remark these light tendernesses in all female friends. Can we not then, love each other in any other fashion? I know no such example at present, and I know of none even in history. Orestes and Pylades have no sisters. It vexes me to think of it, and that you men have in your hearts one thing which is wanting in ours. Instead of it, we have devotedness."]

MARINE AND LAND COMPASSES.—The variation of the compass in different parts of the world is a fact to which scientific men have directed much attention. At present, a balanced magnetic needle points to twenty-two and a half degrees west of the true north. There is also a diurnal change, but the variations are very small, and doubtless occasioned by the temperature. The proper making of magnets involves great skill and care. When made, they may be preserved a long while if placed parallel with the north-pointing end of one against the south-pointing end of another. They will thus strengthen each other. After taking a needle

off its bearing it should be placed in the position it seemed to prefer, and then it will not be injured. Rough usage, shaking, cleaning with sand paper, etc., injure them. Different from the mariner's, the land compass has no cord, and the needle alone is used. The needle ought not to be too heavy, and should have its magnetism equally distributed. The two ends of the magnet ought to have the same amount of detective force, otherwise it will not point exactly in its proper direction, while its axis of figure must correspond with its magnetic axis. There seems to be a great objection to having needles too long or too short; the best length is thought to be about five inches.

From The Examiner.

*Works and Correspondence of Alexis de Tocqueville.** Edited by Gustave de Beaumont, Membre de l'Institut.

To M. Gustave de Beaumont, one of the earliest and most attached of the numerous friends of Alexis de Tocqueville, whose death two years since deprived France of a great and good man, has fallen the duty of editing his correspondence, which has been performed in a manner to prove that the labor was one of love. It is satisfactory to know that the extremely interesting collection of letters before us is by no means exhausted by the present publication, many being withheld for reasons which scarcely require explanation, the writer's opinions considered, and the existing state of the press in France.

M. de Tocqueville's high reputation as a statesman is well known, but these letters make us acquainted with a great man in private life, and show "the very life of the machine." Always correct in judgment and clear in appreciation, his expressed opinions in familiar writing have a prophetic character in their political and moral justness, which events have proved in a remarkable manner, and not only is his foresight displayed and his wisdom confirmed, but every sentiment he utters is full of noble feeling, and chivalrous, almost romantic, generosity of thought. Truth was his goal, and its light shines out in all his words as it did in all his acts. Whatever subject he took in hand he studied minutely, in order to make himself master of it, and allow no room for prejudice or self-deception. It was thus he judged the English nation, and on this account his opinions are of more weight than those of almost all the rest of his countrymen, who generally persist in seeing our institutions from a point of view peculiar to their own habits and customs. The letters he addresses to numerous Englishmen of note on this subject are most valuable, and will be eagerly read. Those of a more domestic character possess a singular charm in the warmth of their friendliness and the kindness of heart they exhibit; not the least charming are those in which the amiable lady who has the misfortune to be his widow

is named. All received notions of the imperfections of a French *ménage* are refuted by the pleasant glimpses he affords of his interior. He chose his English wife for her virtues alone, and during their union of five-and-twenty years their happiness evidently knew no diminution; he dwells on her merits with fondness, associates her with all his studies and all his pleasures, and fails not to excite in the reader more than a stranger's interest for one so accomplished and so devoted.

He visited England several times, but regrets the shortness of his stay, though, however brief it may have been, the observations he made on our laws, our people, and our constitution could hardly have been more lucid and correct from longer acquaintance. His modesty as to his own acquirements and his earnest striving after truth make him difficult in satisfying himself, and, in this, his example is worth following by many less gifted and less conscientious writers. There is a certain resemblance in this respect in some of his letters to those of Schiller, to Körner, and, to judge by his early writings, one might be induced to think nature hesitated as to whether her child should be a great poet or an eminent statesman. A calm severity of thought and serious view of human affairs subdued the poet within him, and gave to reality what would have been precious to fancy under other circumstances.

M. de Beaumont's memoir of his admirable and illustrious friend is pleasing, though rather labored, and he is sometimes wanting in that simplicity which was a characteristic of De Tocqueville; no doubt he has had to struggle with difficulties to which a French writer of the biography of an honest and liberal lover of his country is subject at this moment. The notice is, however, of much value as to facts, and presents the man from youth to premature decay in a clear and satisfactory view, while it breathes a spirit of love and admiration entirely deserved by its object, as the letters which follow most fully demonstrate.

"Besides," remarks the biographer, "the writer, whose merits are universally known, there is in Alexis de Tocqueville, to be considered the man himself, less understood, of whom an intimacy of thirty years has allowed me to judge better than another. It

* "*Œuvres et Correspondance inédites d'Alexis de Tocqueville*," Publiées et Précedées d'une notice par Gustave de Beaumont, Membre de l'Institut. Paris: Michel Lévy Frères. 1861.

is therefore the man whom I have been desirous to paint in the notice to this publication, and," he adds, "the best means of causing him to be both admired and loved is to represent him impartially as he really was, without panegyric or other ornament than sincerity."

He was born in Paris, in 1805, of a noble Norman family, and, by his mother's side, was descended from Malesherbes. His father, the Count de Tocqueville, a peer of France, was, under the Restoration, successively Prefet of Metz, Amiens, and Versailles. "Except good manners and good sentiments," the clever boy learned little at home; but, weak in Latin and Greek, he contrived at the end of his first year at the Academy of Metz to carry off the first prize for French composition. A passion for travel, with a view to examine questions which already sprung in his mind, caused him to abandon his studies too soon, according to his after-view of the case, though the world has little reason to agree with him. He has left a manuscript account of his wanderings in Italy and Sicily with his brother, which is curious as proving the earnestness with which he observed and his desire to gain real information. Dazzled by the glories of ancient architecture, his first wish was to study it in its fundamental principles, in order to the guidance of his taste and the perfection of his judgment. While contemplating the ruins of Rome, his characteristic remark is that "her fall dated from the day her liberties were lost." The beauties of Sicilian scenery, in admiration of which he is enthusiastic, absorb him less than regret for the debasement of her people and anxiety to discover a remedy for their suffering. His forensic career began in 1827, when he was just twenty-one, and immediately the superiority of his mind became conspicuous; he soon felt that a wider field of usefulness lay before him than his mere profession, and the stirring spirit of the time acted upon and urged him to action. "It is difficult," says M. de Beaumont, "for those who did not witness the state of affairs in 1827-8 to understand the ardor of feeling then existing. The empire had fallen twelve years before; for the first time France had known liberty and loved it. Liberty, a consolation to some, a sovereign good to others, had created for all a new country. Institu-

tions in place of a single man, new manners, and, in the midst of profound peace, the development of new instincts, sentiments, and wants. All contributed to spread fresh life and to regenerate the nation. France was then sincerely liberal, and the great problem of constitutional liberty was seriously considered for the first time."

De Tocqueville, to whom arbitrary power was equally distasteful with revolution, threw himself with avidity into the great struggle to maintain liberty so lately and so dearly gained. His fixed opinion was that a people, worthy to be so called, had a right to participate in the government of its own affairs, and that neither true greatness nor true dignity could exist in a nation without free institutions; consequently, a constitutional monarchy was what he desired for France, and he supported the government of the elder branch of the Bourbons because he thought the end more likely to be attained by that means than by one springing from a revolutionary origin. The difficulties and dangers attending equality were present to his mind, and caused him to meditate profoundly on the possibility of preventing the power, issuing from democracy, from becoming tyrannical. This was the great question which occupied his life from first to last. He was a thinker, untired by obstacles and unwedded to opinion, resolute to examine and never satisfied with striving for truth. Like all great minds he began with doubt, as some early notes of his prove. Thus he wrote:—

"There is no absolute truth;" adding, "If I were charged to classify human misery, I should place it in this order, 1, Sickness; 2, Death; 3, Doubt."

It was the rule he doubted, not the duty, and, the rule once admitted, he never swerved: being as resolute in action as he had been timid in deciding on a course. He saw far and rapidly, and these qualities of mind he brought to the study of modern history.

He gave in his adherence to the new reign after the revolution of 1830, unsatisfied but hopeful, and it was at that period that he visited the United States in order to study the great principles he believed in on the spot. The ostensible reason for this journey was the utility, in his quality of magistrate, of examining the penitentiary system pursued in America, and with this mission he

departed. One of the results was his first work, "Enquête sur le Penitencier de Philadelphie," but the earliest ideas of his great work on democracy hence took their rise. The romance of the affair was his desire, accomplished with great perseverance, to advance in the untrodden forests of that vast world to the very limit of civilization. A pamphlet, now first edited, which he called "A Fortnight in the Desert," is a record of his impressions, and in this the poetical element within him is developed. His imagination was so much charmed by all he saw in his mysterious travels, that the chances seemed great as to whether another Chateaubriand or Lamartine would not extinguish the magistrate and statesman De Tocqueville. M. de Beaumont gives part of his own diary at this time, he being his companion in adventure, and extremely interesting and exciting it is; the pleasure, however, it affords is dashed with the fear that the hardships De Tocqueville underwent in his rambles in this ungenial clime, ripened the seeds of that insidious disease which afterwards destroyed him.

The first two volumes of "Democracy in America" appeared in January, 1835; of that remarkable work it is enough to say, with M. Royer-Collard, "Since Montesquieu nothing has appeared like it." A judgment repeated after twenty years, as M. de Barente has observed, in 1859.

A curious instance of the encouragement given by publishers to an author hitherto without renown occurred on the occasion of the first appearance of a work which soon reached a fourteenth edition. The bookseller had agreed to bring out the offered book, which had already been rejected by others, but would only agree to print five hundred copies, being excessively afraid of its failure. After the rapid success it met with the publisher received M. de Tocqueville with the remark, "It seems you have written something extraordinary," and therefore proposed terms in his own favor which the un-business-like author agreed to, believing that he was as well treated as he deserved to be.

The sensation that De Tocqueville's work created in Europe was even more vividly felt in America, when it was at once acknowledged that he had explained their institutions and their manners with a sagacity

and logical clearness which showed them at a glance all that they had hitherto seen confusedly. Every eminent man in the United States thanked him for teaching them the "spirit of the laws" of America.

From this moment De Tocqueville became a famous man, sought and esteemed by all the great personages of his time, both at home and abroad. His visits to England appear to have gratified him extremely; the warmth of his reception by members of all parties, and the just appreciation of his genius and his motives, seems to have dwelt very pleasantly on his memory. About this time he married, and as a contrast to grave letters written to Mr. Grote, Sir George Cornewall Lewis, John Stuart Mill, Henry Reeve, Lord Radnor, etc., we extract a charming one of the husband of a year to his oldest friend, Louis de Kergolay.

"Nacqueville [near Cherbourg, his brother's chateau], 10 Oct., 1836. }

"... I cannot tell you the inexpressible charm that I find in living thus incessantly with Mary, nor the fresh resources that I discover every moment in her heart. You know that in travelling I am even more than commonly unequal, irritable, and impatient. I scolded often, and was almost always in the wrong, and under every circumstance I see in her inexhaustible springs of tenderness and indulgence; and how shall I explain to you the happiness one feels in the habitual society of a woman in whom all that is good in your own soul is reflected naturally and appears enhanced. When I do or say any thing with which I am perfectly content, I read immediately in the features of Mary a sentiment of joy and pride which raises me in my own esteem. In the same manner, if my conscience reproaches me with any thing, I see at once a cloud passing over her eyes. Although master of her affections in a remarkable degree, I observe with pleasure that I can be intimidated by her influence; and while I continue to love her as I do, I feel certain of never being induced to act otherwise than well. Not a day passes that I do not thank Heaven for placing Mary in my path, nor in which I do not think that if happiness is to be gained on earth it is with such a companion."

Five-and-twenty years from the date of this lover's letter he wrote and felt with the same warmth and devotion of his estimable wife, dearer to him than all the fame he had acquired.

Traits of humor are not rare in the letters, and a natural gaiety of character fre-

quently shines out amidst his grave pursuits. He had written a great work, as if by inspiration, but he resolved that in future he would not remain ignorant of much which he imagined would improve his style of composition, as well as confirm his opinions. Thus he read with avidity and enthusiasm Plato, Plutarch, Machiavel, Montaigne, Rousseau, and others. "I feel," he remarks, "when reading these books, which it is degrading not to know, and which but yesterday I was scarcely acquainted with, the same pleasure as Marshal Soult felt in learning geography when he was made minister for foreign affairs."

Political life now opened to De Tocqueville, and often drew him from his retreat in Normandy, to which he returned from time to time with extreme delight, only to go back to public life with more vigor and power. His aristocratic birth stood in his way at first in his own province, but at length by an immense majority he was elected for the *arrondissement* of Valognes (Manche) in 1839. For two years he continued to represent the same interests, and to combat all the false policy which grew around the throne of Louis Philippe; but he was not an orator, owing to the weakness of his lungs, and it was not before the public in that character that he most distinguished himself. "He had an unextinguishable dislike," drily remarks M. de Beaumont, "to *commonplace*, an excellent quality in writing a book, but the most damaging imaginable to an orator addressing great assemblies, amongst whom *commonplace* is in high favor."

In a speech, however, that he made in the Chamber of Deputies on the 27th January, 1848, he almost prophetically announced the revolution which was about to burst forth:—

"It is asserted," he exclaimed, "that no danger exists because there is no outbreak: it is said that since there is no material disorder on the surface of society, revolution is distant. I think this a mistake. Doubtless disorder is not perceived in actions, but it has taken deep hold on the general mind. Observe the working classes, who are at

present, I acknowledge, quiet. It is true that they are not disturbed by political passions, properly so called, in the same degree as formerly, but do you not see that, from being political, they are becoming socialistic? Do you not see that by little and little ideas and opinions are growing in their minds which tend not merely to overthrow such and such laws, ministers, or government, but society itself, and to shake it to the foundation on which it rests at this moment? Do you not hear what they are continually repeating amongst themselves? that all above them are incapable and unworthy to be their governors; that the distribution of property hitherto existing in the world is unjust. And do you not think that, when such opinions have taken root, when they are spread in a manner almost universal, when they have taken profound possession of the masses, it must bring about, sooner or later—I know not when—I know not how—but that it must bring, soon or late, the most tremendous revolutions. This is my conviction. I think that we are sleeping at this moment over a volcano—of that I am profoundly convinced."

The revolution of February 24th, 1848, did not, therefore, take De Tocqueville by surprise, bitterly as he regretted it; but he considered that the republic which it was sought to establish afterwards was the only chance left for the liberties of France; and although he differed with the ruling men of the day on vital points, he decided to support General Cavaignac. His correspondence with M. de Beaumont during this period would explain the views he took on the state of affairs, and exhibit him in all the power of his judgment, were it possible that it could be added to this collection under the present régime, but that being impossible, a dead silence must fall upon that part of his political opinions. How he became plenipotentiary for France at Brussels, and Minister of Foreign Affairs under Barrot's Ministry, finishing his career at Vincennes, is a matter of history, only to be alluded to by his biographer, whose remark, "Here ceased the political life of De Tocqueville: it ended with the liberty of France," has peculiar meaning.

From The Saturday Review.
A STORY OF ETIQUETTE.

The refinements of diplomatic etiquette in Europe were once upon a time carried to almost as extravagant a pitch as Chinese punctilio itself. Long after the days of Sir John Finett courtesy was meted out to the various members of diplomatic circles according to the power and influence of the nation which each respectively represented. The ambassadors of Savoy, as in duty bound, used to quarrel with the envoys of Florence for precedence. Cardinal Richelieu, to solve difficult problems of relative dignity, took to his bed, and received the English negotiators in an attitude which compromised nobody. French ambassadors found themselves prevented by a sudden fit of ague from attending masks where the Spanish representative was to have the first place. In our own country, disputes between Venetian, Spaniard, Dutch, and French legations fully occupied the time of one rather bewildered master of the ceremonies. Only the Muscovite ambassador was left out of the pale of social consideration. That functionary did not then hold in Europe the position he now fills. He was regarded as a person who knew little about the great science of etiquette, and who might safely be imposed upon. Even the courtly Sir John Finett seems to have treated him at the English court with that good-humored contempt which beams in the eye of a bishop's footman as he surveys a host of banquetting curates. On one occasion the Russian, exhibiting more susceptibility than could have been expected, complained that, at his reception, only one lord was in waiting to receive him at the stair's-head. Sir John's answer, for an impromptu, was amusing enough. He gravely assured his excellency that in England it was considered a greater honor to be received by one lord in waiting than by two.

Diplomatic etiquette is not, of course, now what it was then; but it is still a science, and naturally a science of some nicety. Countries which are governed constitutionally, and whose sovereign is not personally mixed up in political disputes, stand less in need of the science, it is true; although, so long as the sovereign is the personage in whose name business is transacted, it may still be conventional to mark coolness in in-

ternational relations by a temporary withdrawal of the personal favor of the court. But on the Continent, where the monarch in person directs the policy of his Cabinet, the case is different. Minute shades of policy are properly indicated by minute distinctions of manner and cordiality at court balls, at state receptions, and at royal or imperial banquets. If Napoleon III. frowns on the Austrian ambassador on January 1, he means to let the world know that France and Austria may possibly be at war before the spring. If Francis Joseph and the emperor of Russia talk much and warmly over a friendly dinner, we infer that the fate of Hungary is in the balance. There are some countries whose foreign policy is often notoriously the result of the personal feelings and predilections of the reigning monarch. Where that is the case, the tones of his voice, or the play of the muscles of his face upon great occasions become matters of real consequence, as they are the index of the temper of a man whose temper is a subject of as much interest in the political as the weather is in the domestic world. There is one nation pre-eminently whose policy previously to the Crimean war for many years was decided by the private piques, inclinations, and prejudices of her ruler. That nation is Russia. On the other hand, it happens that French politics, during a similar period, have turned mainly upon questions of dynasty. It is accordingly in the history of the relations between the courts of St. Petersburg and Paris during the last forty years that we should expect to find, if anywhere, battles of diplomatic etiquette. In a contemporary French review, M. Guizot last week published a diplomatic correspondence which contains the account of a curious quarrel between France and Russia in 1842. The story is amusing, and well deserves the perusal of all who wish to know how an international coolness may be brought about by means of a diplomatic cold. If Sir John Finett had lived till now he would have been pleased to see the Muscovite, whom he considered a mere novice in etiquette, hold his own so ably against the envoys of that polite nation from whom Sir John borrowed the principles of his ingenious code.

Dissatisfied at the changes that had taken place in France in 1830, the Emperor Nich-

olas for eleven years had treated Louis Philippe with offensive coolness and hauteur. In his letters he consistently abstained from addressing the French king by the conventional title of *Monsieur mon frère*, which it was his custom to employ in similar communications. Finally, at the close of 1841, the Russian ambassador, whose business it would otherwise become through the indisposition of Count Appony, the Austrian representative, to address the king on the first day of the new year as the spokesman of the Corps Diplomatique, received a significant recall. The patience of the French Cabinet was exhausted by this unmistakable slight, and M. Guizot addressed a letter to M. Casimir Périer, *chargé d'affaires* at St. Petersburg, from which we reprint the following extract:—

"Monsieur le Comte de Pahlen a reçu l'ordre fort inattendu de se rendre à St. Petersburg. . . . La cause réelle, qui n'est un mystère pour personne, c'est que par suite de l'absence de M. le Comte Appony, l'ambassadeur de Russie se trouvait appelé à complimenter le roi, le premier jour de l'an au nom du corps diplomatique. . . . Une seule réponse nous convient. Le jour de la Saint-Nicholas, la légation française à St. Petersburg restera renfermée dans son hôtel. Vous n'aurez à donner aucun motif sérieux pour expliquer cette retraite inaccoutumée. Vous vous bornerez en répondant à l'invitation que vous recevrez sans doute de M. de Nesselrode à alléguer une indisposition. . . . Jusqu'au 18 Décembre, vous garderez sur l'ordre que je vous donne, le silence le plus absolu. Et d'ici là vous éviterez avec le plus grand soin la moindre altération dans vos rapports avec le cabinet de St. Petersburg."

["M. le Comte de Pahlen has received a very unlooked-for order, to return to St. Petersburg. . . . The real cause, which is a mystery to no one, is that in consequence of the absence of M. le Comte Appony, the Russian ambassador found himself called upon to make the complimentary address on New Year's day to the king in the name of the diplomatic corps. . . . One answer alone becomes us. On St. Nicholas day, the French Legation at St. Petersburg will remain shut up in their hotel. You will not have to assign any serious reason for this unusual seclusion. You will merely, in replying to the invitation which you will without doubt receive from M. de Nesselrode, allege indisposition. . . . Until the 18th December, you will maintain the most

profound silence as to this order. And till that time you will avoid with the greatest care, the least alteration in your intercourse with the Cabinet of St. Petersburg."]

In due time M. Casimir Périer received the order by the courier's hands to whom it had been entrusted, and preserved it a profound secret till the 18th of December, the day of the fête of St. Nicholas. He then faithfully carried it into execution. For forty-eight hours the entire French Legation, without a single exception, were confined to their hotel by indisposition. Not a man appeared out of doors even for the emperor's ball on the day after. The consternation produced in the capital was considerable. The emperor himself was furious, and in a burst of passion resolved, so ran the story, to suppress the Russian embassy at Paris. Finally, he determined to revenge himself in a more indirect but equally telling way. The cue was given to the leaders of the fashionable world, and from the 18th of December, the French Legation found itself put under ban. Nobody came to call. Nobody invited Madame Périer to dinner. Lastly, all who had already issued invitations sent at the last moment to say their parties were suddenly, unavoidably, and indefinitely postponed. The war being nominally one of social etiquette, business was as usual transacted between the embassy and the Russian government. But for all festive purposes M. Périer and his suite found themselves under an interdict. Even a young Russian who paid his compliments to Madame Périer at the theatre received an official intimation that loyalty was not to be sacrificed to politeness. At an official ball, at which M. Périer thought it his duty to appear in virtue of his uniform, he found himself the centre of cold looks. Lastly, at Paris, on the first of January, indisposition attacked a fresh victim in the person of M. de Kisselef, who, during the absence of Count Pahlen, was left in charge of the Russian embassy. He was quite unable to appear at the king's reception, and remained at home all day.

Meantime, at St. Petersburg the situation of affairs was very gloomy. At all court balls the embassy of course were present, and the emperor and empress showed no lack of personal courtesy towards them. "Comment ça va-t-il depuis que nous ne

nous sommes vus?" he says on one occasion, good-humoredly, to M. Périer; "ça va mieux n'est-ce pas?" But a general suspension of hospitalities was still the order of the day. Previously to the rupture, M. Périer and his lady had been popular enough. Suddenly they were excluded from all society. During eight months of solitude, the sense of his abandoned position preyed upon the soul of the deserted son of France. He endeavored to bear the misfortune of the general stoppage of entertainments like a man, and to prevent Madame Périer from bearing it like a woman. During this part of the crisis, his letters to M. Guizot are tinged with delicate pathos. They are the letters of a man who suffers, but who suffers for his country. To be deprived of balls is sad, but to maintain dignity intact is sweet. What became of the junior members of the embassy since the day when they had with cheerfulness partaken of the indisposition of their chief, is not recorded. Doubtless they became gloomy and misanthropical, and neglected their personal appearance in a way sufficient to alarm their friends. Even M. Guizot, in his epistles from Paris, shares the general melancholy. He consoles his bereaved countryman in the tone of a man who has a heart, and can sympathize with the persecuted. The end of M. Périer's expatriation was, however, at hand. Indisposition finally attacked one more victim—that victim was Madame Périer. The sad state of her health imperatively demanded a journey to Paris, and M. Périer solicited his recall. He obtained it, together with the cross of the Legion of Honor, and in course of time resigned his functions into the hands of M. d'André, second secretary of Legation.

The ambassadors of France and of Russia meanwhile were both enjoying prolonged leave of absence from their respective posts. Neither would go back, until the other had gone back first. The emperor would not send M. de Pahlen to Paris, before M. de Barante had returned to St. Petersburg. Matters were in this situation at the moment of the unhappy death of the Duke of Orleans, which cast so deep a gloom over Europe. The emperor of Russia exhibited, on the arrival of the sad news, all the feeling of a high-bred gentlemen. A ball

which was to have been given the same night by the Grand Duchess Olga, was countermanded; and though he refused to write any autograph letter of condolence to Louis Philippe, he sent a very friendly message by a special courier to be transmitted through the embassy at Paris. A personal congratulation to M. Guizot upon the oratorical successes he had achieved in the French Chambers, combined with a rather bitter allusion to his supposed private hostility to Russia, soon after entailed a correspondence between the two Cabinets, full of explanation and recrimination. Not much alteration took place in consequence. Neither ambassador returned to his post; and business was managed in each case by a *chargé d'affaires*. For the relief of the fairer portion of our readers, it is humane to mention that by the end of 1842, the French Legation, under the social banner of M. d'André, was once more admitted to the enjoyments of festive life. The political coolness lasted; but the social inconveniences, so terrible and so heart-rending, to which it gave rise, passed away. A letter from M. de Guizot to the Count de Flahault, the French representative at Vienna, sums up the moral of the whole:—

"Nous avons atteint notre but, et nous sommes parfaitement en règle. *Officiellement*, le Comte de Pahlen a été rappelé à Pétersbourg pour causer avec l'empereur: M. Casimir Périer a été malade le 18 Décembre, et M. de Kisselef le 1er Janvier. En réalité, l'empereur n'a pas voulu que M. de Pahlen complimentât le roi, et nous n'avons pas voulu que ce mauvais procédé passât inaperçu. De part et d'autre, tout est correct, et tout est compris. Les convenances extérieures ont été observées, et les intentions réelles senties. Cela nous suffit, et nous nous tenons pour quittes."

"[We have accomplished our object and are perfectly *en règle*. *Officially* the Comte de Pahlen has been recalled to St. Petersburg to speak with the emperor; M. Casimir Périer was ill on the 18th December, and M. de Kisselef on the 1st January. In reality the emperor would not allow M. de Pahlen to compliment the king, and we would not allow this misbehavior to pass unnoticed. On both sides, all is correct, and all is understood. Outside conveniences have been observed, and real intentions felt. That is enough for us, and we are quits.]"

From The Cornhill Magazine.

HORACE SALTOUN.

PART I.—EARLY DAYS WITH GRIND AND GRINDERS.

It is now many a long year since I and Horace Saltoun found ourselves extended one fine summer's day on a luxuriously mossy bank that overlooked one of the loveliest dales of the north-west of England. We had achieved our small triumph, which, however, appeared magnificent in our eyes; namely, we had successfully passed the hall and the college; and having worked like men, we were ready to play like boys. So while we smoked our short pipes we philosophized after our crude fashion, pitied the fellows who had been "spun," as the phrase goes, and pronounced dogmatically enough on the merits of the case.

We were new at our work then, and regarded the examiners as our natural enemies, to be outwitted, dogged, discomfited, or at any rate to be circumvented somehow; forgetting that the balance of power adjusts itself even in the dreaded chamber of ordeal, and that the instinct of fair play common to all Englishmen is assisted by artificial means. For instance, an examiner does not propose questions to a pupil from his own hospital, but he sits by to hear those whom he instructed undergo their trial, and if they fail from nervousness, not inability, he is permitted to explain the query fairly to them, and ascertain that they completely understand its meaning; while, if they are unduly pressed, though he may be—and, as man is but man, he probably often is—in a rage, it is always in his power to torment his rival by a little extra severity on the other men; so that even appealing to the selfish part of human nature—and that is perhaps the safest, inasmuch as it is never wanting, but is always there to be appealed to—the examinations cannot be otherwise than conducted with ordinary justice. All this, however, as I have said, we did not reflect on, but blamed and criticised pretty freely. One gentleman was a sneak, another "a pagan," and a third "a good fellow, and no mistake."

As for me, I was the only son of a widowed mother, and I need not say how disastrous to our hopes, and crushing to the slender means (already largely drawn on for my necessary expenses), a failure would have been. I recounted to Horace for the

twentieth time, almost with tears in my eyes, how I could have wrung off the hand of old — in sheer gratitude when he interposed, "Take courage, young gentleman; don't hurry. Do you quite understand what Mr. — means? It is," etc. And in a few words a question that had been put in a most involved and ambiguous form, was made so clear that it was satisfactorily answered. My spirits and hopes rose, and I felt an internal conviction that I should get through. Well—well! all that is past and gone; and boys with faces as white as their own shirts have stood before me since then. But you may be sure I do not forget the hour when I occupied their place, sick with anxiety, and my heart thumping against my side as though it would break my ribs. And if I see the honest face of a painstaking lad hopelessly troubled, for the sake of that memory I give him a helping hand, or a word of encouragement. And if, as will happen, young fellows present themselves who have been idle three-fourths of their time, and have frantically ground and crammed into them in six months that which ought to have been carefully acquired in five years (and though they may shave off their moustaches, and turn up their shirt-collars, we *do* happen to know these young gentlemen by sight), I try that their rejection, which really the slightest regard for the good of mankind renders imperative, shall be accomplished by such words and recommendations as shall not dispirit them from making another, and often a more successful, endeavor.

But I am digressing. I must try to convey some idea of the tall, loose-limbed, bulky young fellow who was lounging by my side. He possessed a massive and exceeding well-developed forehead, a full, light-gray eye the iris of which was curiously flecked with dark patches, somewhat irregular features, rather thin, twitching lips, a complexion that was habitually of a muddy pallor, and a quantity of disorderly hair of no very obvious color.

At fifteen, Horace Saltoun was a dull, heavy lad, whose brain seemed overweighted. He was as stupid in his intellectual efforts as he was slow and clumsy in the active sports of his schoolfellows. He was the despair of his tutors, though to do him justice, he received their reproaches with the most phlegmatic stolidity, and the butt of his fellows,

as far as they dared, for his fists were known to be like sledge-hammers, and his blows to rarely miss their aim. It was, indeed, said of him, that as he never knew when to begin fighting, he never knew when to leave off; and that slow as he was to be roused, he was slower still to be appeased. The head-master, however, differed from the others in his estimation of the character of young Horace, and was wont to say, "There is no need to hurry; he will get the use of his faculties all in good time, and, God sparing his health, he will some day be an extraordinary man: he is inert, but there is great dormant power. With such a head as that I never despair."

The doctor's prediction seemed likely to realize itself, though not till after Saltoun quitted his care. At nineteen his ponderous powers came into play, and at twenty-two he was one of our most rising and analytical chemists, and had distinguished himself in microscopic investigations; he had likewise effected one or two small but important improvements in certain philosophical apparatus, the result of which had been to bring him under the favorable notice of some of the leading scientific men of the day, while his prodigious ability in mental arithmetic and quantitative analysis had already caused him to be looked on as no mean authority. I can see him now as he used to sit in his student days in the front rank at the lecture, apparently utterly dead to all that was going on around him, with his huge shoulders up to his ears, his eyes half closed, and his head resting on his hand, until he resembled a great contemplative sloth. But if a knotty point or a contested theory were started, he would show signs of life, move incessantly on his seat, run his fingers through his long, untidy locks, wake up, and in a wonderfully short space of time he had sifted and digested the information, added one or two odd-looking hieroglyphics to those that already adorned his note-book, and would then relapse into his former sluggish attitude.

As the intellectual dulness which characterized his boyhood utterly disappeared, so did his moral disposition undergo a marked change. The phlegmatic tone vanished; he became more delusive in kindness and more sensitive to rebuke, more ready to love or hate, to rejoice or to mourn, and, as a consequence, proportionably more popular. As a student he was a reckless liver, draw-

ing unsparingly on his health and his brains. Whether it were boating or reading, fighting or gambling, a daring experiment in surgery or a night expedition to procure anatomical subjects, a war among the dons or a row with the Thames watermen (at all times rough customers), no man threw himself into the ring with such haste and zeal as Saltoun. His rough, natural eloquence, and his iron power of endurance, made him an invariable boon companion; for he seemed to be indifferent to heated rooms and abominable smells; and the longest orgie failed to exhaust him, for he apparently postponed sleep at will, and summoned it at his own pleasure.

I ought, perhaps, to have said before that the lower part of his head and face was inferior to the upper, and even somewhat animal in the expression; and from this there ran a certain tendency to coarseness which marred the harmony of the impression given by his whole appearance. He, nevertheless, had his impulses under strict control: he never touched any spirituous liquor, and none of us ever saw him deviate from what seemed to be a fixed resolution on this point; he was, however, a votary of tobacco, and a passionate lover of all games of chance; so that he had weaknesses enough to compensate for his temperance in other respects. Gambling, however, he renounced in a great measure; and after he commenced his professional career, he did so entirely, alleging he had not time for it. In one department of medical student-life he won laurels. His invariable and unselfish kindness to the poor; his persevering attention; his constant readiness to give up his time and pleasure for their benefit, made him regarded almost as a deity among them; and "young Dr. Saltoun" had been reported to many of his superiors long before he had acquired the legal license to cure or kill. He thus laid the foundation of a large, though, perhaps, not lucrative practice.

He did not, as has been said, neglect his books; but he profited more by direct experience than any man I ever saw. In these matters he passed his fellows, as one wave will occasionally head all the rest, and roll far beyond that thin line of froth which marks on the sand the spent force of the others. What he found to do he did with all his might; but it was generally tinted

by a certain pervading recklessness; and from the time when his intellect first seemed to respond to the calls which were made on it, in all his ways there was a something which betrayed the craving instinct for excitement which seemed to be a component of his changed character. Like most temperaments of this order, his spirits were subject to great alternations: he had fits of gloom, of ill-will to particular individuals, and great irresolution in adopting any plan. Whether it was that his mind was too divided to fix on any line of action, and that he anticipated a failure; or that his too highly taxed physical strength encouraged a regretful state of mind; or that the voluntary power was too much enfeebled to be exerted with effect, cannot be safely pronounced on; but at these seasons he was unlike himself, moody and taciturn in society, and in gesture irritable and petulant. But, with all his faults, he was pre-eminently generous, humble-minded, and truthful, ever ready to see merit, and slow to believe evil; and our intimacy as schoolboys and fellow-students laid the foundation of a friendship which after years cemented into an abiding affection.

So much for my companion: and if I have appeared to sketch his character at a greater length than requisite, it must be borne in mind that it is necessary to bring his peculiarities prominently before the reader, in order to appreciate the after troubles of his career.

Below the mossy bank on which Horace and I reclined, was a cascade, rather celebrated in those parts. The water came pouring over the fall in foaming torrents; and, once in that deep, turbid hollow, they revolved round and round, as life does in large towns, like thick, boiling scum; then the spots of discolored foam congregated sullenly, those that escaped fell over a few stones into a rapid, clear brook, and were carried swiftly out of hearing of the din and tumult above. Opposite to us rose a hill, clothed to its very summit with birch, alder, holly, furze, and fern; beyond it, to the right, lay a plain, dotted over with isolated rocks, of that peculiar coffin-like shape which so often indicates the limestone formation; and stretching away from this, lay range after range of those broad, lofty mountains which guard our native dales: indented, scored

steppes of stone formed frequent distinct lines of terraces, some of which must have been upwards of sixty feet in depth. A dark strip of pine formed an angle on the summit of the hill, and the small expanse of sky which was visible through this angle marked the pass of the "Grip Hag."

After smoking for a considerable time in silence, I slipped from my seat, and, making my way among the tangled branches of the stunted trees and over the rough blocks of stone, I reached the river, and, filling my horn with the sparkling water, mixed it with some whiskey, supposed to be of peculiar excellence, which I had procured on my road. I tossed it off, half filled it again, and, scrambling up, rejoined Horace, and, with the foolish idea of vanquishing his determined practice of drinking nothing but water, I proceeded to mix for him. At first he refused; but when the odor from the flask was wafted into his nostrils, he wavered, and at last acquiesced, with an odd grimace. "If I must take it, Paul, give me it neat." I complied, and poured the yellow, fragrant liquid out alone. As I placed the horn in his hand, I was struck by the greedy, anxious expression of his eyes. He held it for an instant to his lips, and then, without touching the liquor, jerked the horn and its contents into the little river, where, after a few bobbings about, it proceeded on its brief and uneven voyage. "What an ass you are, Horace!" I said, heatedly.

"I dare say I am," he replied, twisting his face into a horrible contortion. "But I should have been a greater ass if I had tasted that stuff. Stay, old fellow, don't be waxy, when I tell you why, by a safe inspiration, I threw it out of my reach. I shall tell you what I never trusted to any human being before, and you will change your mind about me, or I am far wrong. They say every house has its skeleton. Now, intoxicating liquors have been the bane of my family. We have, most of us, a morbid propensity to drink any thing, no matter what, provided it intoxicates us. I don't say we all have it; but we never know in which of us it is to break out. We don't drink for *drinkee*, as the black man says, but for *drunkee*. It's no outbreak of convivial cheer, but a mad, animal instinct for solitary excess. My grandfather was hardly ever seen drunk:

amid the excesses so common in those days, when three-bottle men abounded, he was singular by his abstemiousness; but at isolated periods, when quite alone, he took the most awful doses of raw spirits: he craved the poison with a fatal obstinacy, and obtained it by a marvellous cunning; and his very sobriety in public made it an easier matter for him to slaughter himself unprevented in private. He died in a madhouse. My uncle exhibited the same tendency: he cut his own throat. My father was all his life, a rigid water-drinker; he was not a long-lived man, but when he was made aware that his end was approaching, he called me to his bedside, detailed these terrible particulars, and warned me, in words that made a deep impression on my mind. Since then I have never tasted wine or spirits: in fact, *you know how strictly I have abstained.* But sometimes, in the dead of night, when I have been previously overworked, or worried and anxious, I have felt the most awful craving for a stimulant; and I have broken out into a cold sweat with terror, lest the fiend was come to take possession, and the family degradation about to break out in my person. At those times I could fancy that the very scent of spirits would be enough to make my resolution vanish into thin air. It seems to me as if the most infernal compounds—British gin, or spirits of wine—any thing, in short, that would excite me, would be drunk to the dregs, as if it were nectar. With such a history to my back, Paul, you, for one, will never blame me for avoiding that which is to me the accursed thing."

"Nay, old fellow," was my answer; "if I had known this, you may trust me, I'd sooner have cut off my right hand than have pressed it on you."

There is more generosity and frank sympathy in youth than in after years; had we both come to ripe manhood, perhaps Horace would have hesitated to make this confession. As it was, the mutual knowledge of it only cemented more firmly our friendship; and his very distrust of himself lent him, in my eyes, a deeper interest.

Shortly after this period, fortune separated us; Saltoun remained in England, while I was appointed surgeon to an East Indiaman. We kept up a correspondence, though of course at intervals.

Meanwhile, circumstances occurred that

made me anxious to quit the naval service. It did not suit me for many reasons: the facilities afforded to young medical officers were limited in extent, and very rarely vouchsafed at all; moreover, the life was to me an intolerably idle one: often for days becalmed in the blue Indian seas, beneath a tropical sun, and with a thermometer 98° in the shade, our sole endeavors seemed directed to invent what might, if possible, keep us cool. My business was in general of the lightest description, and there was much to see and observe in the fashions and manners of the passengers, some of which were amusing enough. Still there was a monotony about it all.

I speak, be it remembered, of things as they were twenty-five years ago, at which time there was a much greater approximation to similarity in the character and appearance of those who went out. They were all people who were descended from those connected with India by ties of different kinds; they had been bred to look forward to it, if not as their home, at least as their appointed sphere, wherein to earn a fortune or win a husband: and there was by no means that bitter and contemptuous mode of speaking of the natives which has of late years become the fashion. About four years after I entered I was invalidated, with leave of absence for some months. I resolved not to sail again if I could avoid it, but endeavor, instead, to obtain, the superintendence of some establishment for the insane, and devote myself entirely to the psychological branch of my profession, for which I had always felt a strong preference.

While I was recruiting my health in one of the watering-places in the south-west of England, busied in plans and correspondence, I got a letter from Horace, and found that his mother and sister were residing temporarily in the same neighborhood; furthermore he required me to call on them. He gave me a flourishing account of his own affairs: his practice was already large, his private pupils were rapidly increasing, and he had received a hint that the professorship of anatomy at — Hospital was open to his acceptance. Moreover, he thought he had heard of something which would exactly meet my requirements. Many more warm and kind-hearted things he said, which showed to me that his disposition was unal-

tered, and he concluded by enclosing the address of a well-known physician who proposed to resign the active duties of his establishment in favor of a younger man. The idea pleased me much, chiming in as it did with my secret wishes, and I wrote respecting it without an hour's delay.

That evening, after a hard day's work, I had just seated myself with a new number of the "Blue and Yellow" quarterly, then in the zenith of its fame, and was deep in one of its brilliant and slashing articles, when a note, the handwriting of which was not familiar to me, was placed in my hand. It was marked *urgent*. I could hardly guess what should procure such a summons for a poor invalid medical officer, and I hastily mastered its contents. It was from Mrs. Saltoun, and contained a hurried request to me, as the friend of her son, to lose no time in repairing to her house, as her daughter, suffering under a feverish attack, had become rapidly worse, and was now delirious: would I follow the messenger forthwith? Of course I hastened to dismiss the *Edinburgh*, and set out immediately, wondering meanwhile how it had happened that a medical man had not been called in before, and whether they had sent for Horace. No doubt he had named me to his mother, and hence the application.

The stars looked down steadily, the air was of an oppressive sultriness, and the sky of that deep blue which almost reminds one of southern climes, as I listened to the echo of our steps while the boy and I paced along the solitary road. I could not help calling to mind the many nights when, almost smothered, I had leaned out of my little cabin window trying vainly to get a breath of air, or at last, totally unable to sleep, quitted the berth and spent the night on deck in company with the officer of the watch, enjoying the strange calm beauty of night in the southern hemisphere. Amid thoughts like these I was called back to business by the servant stopping at the iron gates of a low white house which stood in some pleasure-grounds: these, though only of limited extent, were laid out with much taste. As we proceeded up the short avenue, I observed that the two upper windows were open from the top only, and that the room was apparently lighted up; the blinds, however, were drawn down, and were

flapping idly to and fro, and I could perceive the shadow of a woman's figure passing hastily backwards and forwards. In a minute after I stood in the presence of Mrs. Saltoun. She was a good deal altered since the days when she had welcomed me, then a mere boy, to her house. She was still a fine-looking woman, with a pair of gentle eyes, and a natural graciousness of manner which was very winning. She professed to recall my face at once, and welcomed me with much kindness.

"I am rejoiced to see you, my dear Paul — I must call you doctor, now. You will perhaps feel surprised at this hurried message, but we have only recently settled in this neighborhood, and hearing from Horace that you were here also, he begged we would find you out; and I am glad to do so, though this is a melancholy occasion."

I mentioned the substance of his letter, and added my regrets as to her daughter's illness.

"Yes, Emily's illness seems more serious than I anticipated, so I decided on sending for you in your medical capacity." I expressed suitable acknowledgments. "Nay, it is very pleasant when a physician is also a friend. I have sent express for Horace."

"And when may we look for him?"

"Not before to-morrow, I fear."

The poor lady seemed a good deal flurried; and I noticed, or fancied I did, a slight hesitation of speech and a hardly perceptible expression of the face which induced me to suppose she had recently experienced a threatening of paralysis. I inquired whether it would not be advisable for me at once to see Miss Saltoun. She rang the bell, sent for Miss Emily's maid, and then pursued the conversation.

"Mlle. Justine is an invaluable person; I hardly know what we should have done without her: unfortunately she does not speak English, but even with that drawback she is quite a treasure."

I made no comment on this, as I have a secret aversion to treasures of this description.

"And how have you kept your own health, Mrs. Saltoun?"

"Oh, I have not been very strong; Emily has been for some time very far from well, and in strangely uneven spirits."

I did not like to hazard the direct inquiry,

which is nevertheless the first real thought of every experienced medical man: "Has she any known cause for mental disquiet?" but substituted, "Have her spirits always been so variable?"

"No: yesterday she really alarmed me; but she was exceedingly opposed to having advice. Justine, too, thought it unnecessary, so that I am now too sensible that I have delayed it longer than I ought to have done," continued the poor lady. "To-night she is quite delirious, and frightened me sadly. I am not often able to go up-stairs," she added, with a calm, pleasant smile, "and my old limbs remind me that the days are gone by, never to return, when three or four flights of steps were as nothing to me."

At this instant the door opened, and Mdlle. Justine entered. She was a middle-aged, firmly built, olive-complexioned woman, with a pair of fine dark eyes beneath strongly defiant black brows, a thin-lipped and rather wide mouth, with that square iron-looking jaw so often seen in Frenchwomen of the lower class. Not one moment elapsed before I felt positive I had seen that face before in other scenes, and taxed my memory to recollect where.

"Had madame called her?" she inquired in French. "Yes, Justine," Mrs. Saltoun replied in the same language; "is my daughter prepared to see the doctor?"

"Assuredly, madame."

"Is Mdlle. Louise the sole attendant on Miss Saltoun?" I asked, remembering what I had been told, that the waiting-maid did not understand English.

"Oh, yes; she hardly leaves her for an instant."

Justine's eyes flickered, and then turned with a steady, and I thought, rather insolent, glance on me. I was not duped; she understood English as well as I did, of that I was clear.

"Her name is Justine, not Louise," replied Mrs. Saltoun, innocently; "but it's no matter."

Justine vanished instantly, and darted up-stairs, with a singular alacrity. The old lady leaned on my arm, and we proceeded slowly to ascend the staircase. As we approached the chamber door, I heard a hasty exclamation in French, then a low muttering, and a groan.

I had left Miss Saltoun a little girl of ten years old, and should certainly hardly have recognized her at first sight. She was in bed. I could trace considerable resemblance to Horace in her expressive and irregular features; there was a good deal, too, of the same promise of mental power about the head, but it was so far refined down as to make her a woman almost handsome, and certainly attractive in no ordinary degree. Her long hair lay loose and in disorder about the pillow; her arms were outside the sheets, which I observed by the way were firmly swathed and banded down to the bed. Her eyes were glistening, and their expression was full of a sort of expectant fear. She made several attempts to spring up, but Justine held her forcibly but quietly down. There was something about it all I thought very peculiar. I proceeded to feel her pulse. Oh, that valuable minute which is allowed to us, when with watch in hand we have time to think, if we only preserve that absorbed expression which is necessary! I quickly ran over the symptoms in my mind, especially the tremulous motion of the head, and the twitching of the eyelids. As I sat perfectly still, holding my fingers on the wrist, I was aware that I had long exceeded the single minute, and I could feel that Mdlle. Justine was watching me with ill-dissembled anxiety. I quickly made up my mind how to act.

"What food has Miss Saltoun taken?" I asked in English, of Justine.

She referred to Mrs. Saltoun, who repeated the question in French, when the maid condescended to reply in the same language,—

"Oh, very little: for the last six weeks, less and less."

"Yes; and what liquids?" (Again her eye flickered.)

Mrs. Saltoun replied for her, "Chiefly soda-water, sometimes lemonade." The look of uneasiness wore off Justine's countenance, as Mrs. Saltoun said this.

Now of two things I had gradually become convinced during these few minutes: one was, that the name of Justine was assumed for some reason or other, and that I had known the attendant in very different circumstances as "Louise;" the other was, that this being the case, she understood

English as well as I did. Granting this, and that she was aware of my discoveries, I should have a pretty strong hold on her.

I walked to the window and tried to open the lower part, but found it was nailed fast down. Good. Evidently Justine, who knew more about it than any of us, had taken the same view of the case that presented itself to me. She came forward with some explanation. "Do not apologize, mademoiselle," I said; "you have done quite right: I am aware of your reason." I drew a little writing-table to me, and began a prescription, and wrote also a note to a medical friend on whom I could depend, requesting him to send me instantly a trustworthy nurse. As I was thus engaged, Miss Saltoun raised herself gently up and peered over the side of the bed. A nervous tremor ran through her whole body, and her face wore an expression of abject terror.

"There is something black," she said to me. "A horrid, crawling, twisting black thing under my bed. I wish you could take it away; it comes up to me constantly: can't it be removed? it ought not to be permitted to stay," she added, cowering back into her bed.

"Be comforted," I said; "I'll have it removed, and the whole room cleared out. I'll see that it does not annoy you. Mrs. Saltoun, will you be so good as to send off these two notes immediately; I will wait here until the messenger returns. How long did you say it would be before Horace will be here?"

"He cannot come before morning," she answered. "But surely, my poor child wanders strangely. Do you suppose the fever is infectious? Is not delirium a sign of danger?"

"Not necessarily so, my dear madam. As to its being infectious, I cannot pronounce definitely at this stage; but, decidedly, no one who has not been previously in attendance should be much in the room." I did this to prevent Miss Saltoun being seen by more eyes than needful. "Mdlle. Justine looks a little knocked up. I have sent for assistance, which I doubt not will be very acceptable to her; she must require relief." I gave her a keen glance, which she returned with a stare of considerably less perfect effrontery than before. "With your permission, Mrs. Saltoun, I'll speak to

her for a moment. Step this way, mademoiselle," I said to her in French. She followed me, rather unwillingly, into the next room. I turned sharply round on her as soon as we were out of hearing, and said abruptly in English: "Now, your young mistress has not got a fever, you know; what has she been in the habit of drinking?"

"*Je ne comprends pas, monsieur,*" she replied.

I repeated the question, with the same result. "If you don't understand," I said, very slowly, "I do. Mademoiselle, I understand that your name is not Justine, but Louise; and that you speak and comprehend English perfectly. Now, what has your mistress been drinking?"

"It is as I had the honor of telling monsieur," she said in English, perfectly unabashed; "tea and soda-water or lemonade."

Now on earth there is no race of people who lie more audaciously than the French: they attach so little regard to truth that detection causes them no shame; and of all liars, perhaps a French Abigail is most at home in this art; but then stupidity is not among her faults—and if she can clearly perceive it is to her own interest to retrace her steps, she has neither shame nor dignity to prevent her doing so.

"Now, Louise," I said, "this wont do. I will not inform Mrs. Saltoun, if you will tell the truth for once; and if you can't, or wont, I'll get you discharged before I leave this house. What is it your mistress has been drinking?"

"*Mon Dieu! que sais-je?*" she was commencing.

"Speak English, if you please," I said.

"Ether, eau-de-Cologne, spirits of lavender."

"Yes, yes, I know that; but that is not all. What is it she has had that you buy and bring in quietly?" I said this on supposition, but I saw I had hit on the truth.

"Gin, since you will have it, monsieur. She has been a little ill before, but never so bad as this." Here she relapsed into mendacity, and declared how unwillingly she had consented to procure the liquor; how much pain it had cost her to do so, with other items exculpatory, which I interrupted.

"How long have these fits of drinking lasted?"

"About three weeks."

"Good; now, that will do. I need not advise you to keep your own counsel. You must stay with your young mistress until the nurse arrives. You have nailed down the window, I perceived; that was a very happy precaution, and proves that you knew what it was all about. Keep her from jumping out of bed, if possible; and don't leave her for an instant, under any pretence whatsoever. It is as much as her life and your place are worth put together."

I administered the proper medicines, and by the time that the nurse (a vigilant, reserved-looking individual) made her appearance, I had the satisfaction of finding that my patient appeared inclined to sleep, and that the frightfully irritable state of the nervous system showed symptoms of submitting to the remedies.

Horace arrived early the next morning, and I found him in the room with his mother when I paid my visit. I shook hands with him, and, of course, my first inquiry was whether Miss Saltoun had slept. It was a real relief to me when I received an answer in the affirmative; under the circumstances I naturally attributed the utmost importance to the fact.

"Excuse me, Paul," Horace broke in, "but I think you must be mad, if, as I am told, Emily has a fever, and you are prescribing morphia, brandy, and ammonia."

I tried to laugh, but it was a very poor attempt, for Mrs. Saltoun was looking anxiously and nervously from one to the other.

"I am open to correction, Horace. However, she appears to be better; and we will have a consultation." I took his arm, and we went out together. "You have not awakened her, have you?"

"No, not I," he replied; "I only just saw her, without disturbing her in the slightest degree. I tasted the medicines, which struck me as very oddly chosen for this particular case;" and he fixed on me an angry and suspicious eye.

How was I to break the painful truth to the poor fellow? I durst not dissemble: indeed, it could have answered no good purpose, so I said at once, "Horace, it is better that you should know the fact. It is not a fever under which your sister is suffering, it is a slight attack of *delirium tremens*;" and I proceeded to give him the substance

of what I had extracted from Justine. He whitened visibly, as I spoke, and his knitted brows and twitching lips testified how terribly he was shaken.

"That fatal madness!" he gasped, and the drops of perspiration stood on his forehead. "Of course, the first thing is to discharge Justine. But I dare not tell my mother; it would kill her. And yet how to account for it? Do you think I can conceal the worst part of the affair?"

"I'll tell you my plan," I said; "and after you have heard it, take it or not, as you think advisable. Justine is not a conscientious individual; but she has plenty both of pluck and firmness, with a keen eye to her own interest, and is very difficult to deceive. She alone knows of this sad weakness, except the nurse—and her silence I'll undertake to secure. Of course the fewer that are aware of it the better. Make it to her advantage to serve you faithfully and discreetly; double, or, if needs be, treble her wages, and tell her that you will pay her at that rate so long as she keeps silence, and your sister keeps her health. Impress upon her that if another attack of the same kind even threatens to appear, she will be turned off forthwith, and without any recommendation."

Horace fell in at once with my proposal; requesting me, however, to make the necessary treaty with Justine, since, from my being not quite unacquainted with her former history, I had the greater chance of influence. She agreed, without making any objection or testifying any surprise.

"You understand, Louise, that you, and you only, are responsible. I'm quite sure that, with your quickness and penetration, Miss Saltoun will never be able to obtain spirits without your knowing of it, and I am confident that your good feeling as a woman will induce you to assist with all your might Mr. Saltoun's efforts to rescue his sister from such a melancholy fate: for that she will be liable to seek to indulge the craving from time to time I do not doubt. Besides, Louise, letting alone your affection for your mistress," Louise put on a sentimental air at this point, "it is obviously to your advantage to do so."

She assumed her natural manner again, and even exchanged glances which announced that we understood each other.

"No, she had no objection. As to *bonté de cœur*—she did not know; Miss Saltoun had always been very kind, and a benefactress to her. Yes, she would undertake the task. Three times her old salary, that was 1,500 francs. Yes, she would certainly undertake it, and if danger appeared she would instantly communicate with me or Mr. Horace."

I hastened back, made known my success, and counselled him earnestly to stay with his sister until she recovered.

"And then tell her, Horace, that you know what the nature of her malady was, and what has occasioned it. Tell her what you have told me about other members of your family, so that she may feel that you are not without sympathy for her—that she does not stand alone—and that, above all, you understand the struggles that are before her, and that you are prepared to stand by her to assist her in them. Don't say a word about my having seen her in that state: enlist her pride, as well as her fears, on her own behalf; and if you can procure her some female friendship, and society of her own sex, it would be very advisable."

"You are right; solitude does engender the craving; whether it be due to counter-excitement or to the dread of shame, mixing in society tends to check it."

I hardly like to think of that interview between the brother and sister! How must it come from a man and a gentleman to a woman—and that woman his sister! Yet they were both to some extent fellow-sufferers; though he, forewarned by his father, had also been forearmed. But look at it how one will, it must have been a saddening and humbling interview. He had such a natural generosity and tact, that I felt sure he would seek to break the intelligence to her with all tenderness, and to save her from her own reflections under that terrible reaction which invariably follows those attacks.

I believe in all this he perfectly succeeded; and, as one consequence, Emily recovered rapidly. A week after, Horace put into my hand a letter containing a proposal which so exactly coincided with my own earnest desires that I at once resigned my naval appointment.

I warmly thanked Horace, and very nat-

urally asked him about his prospects. He gave vent to a most uproarious laugh, and then subsided into total silence. I regarded him attentively.

"You have something to tell, I suppose, Horace, when you have done your internal reflections."

"Well, Paul, don't you feel that I should think of settling?"

"Taking a wife, you mean, I suppose: why, it is what we all hope for, Horace; and I suppose to no man is a wife more necessary than to a doctor."

I was rather surprised; though perhaps I had no right to be. He lay down on the sofa, lit his cigar with great deliberation, emitted some mouthfuls of smoke, and then the secret came out.

"Well, I'm engaged to be married, old boy, congratulate me."

I burst out laughing and said, "Not till I know who to."

"To Cecile Otway. It is not a bad match in a worldly point of view: though, you know, that need not be a desideratum with me; and it's all I could wish in every other way."

"Do you mean the daughter of Mr. Otway of the firm 'Otway and Kennedy,' East India people?"

"The very one. Do you know her?"

"Know her!—I think I do know her."

"Then," hastily interrupted Horace, "if you know her, of course you admire her: at least, if you don't you need not say it; though I should like to hear your opinion," he continued, with a lover's usual logic.

"I remember admiring her," I said, cautiously.

"I met her some time ago, you must know, Paul, before you were in England, and was struck immediately. I know you wont suspect me of coxcomby; indeed, such an uncouth fellow as I am has no right to entertain delusive notions of the sort; but she showed me a certain preference. Mr. Otway appeared so well inclined towards me that a few days ago—before I came down here, mark you—I proposed, and was accepted. Now, I want to consult you on one point. Do you think this unhappy secret about my sister's illness will ooze out?"

"No," I replied. "It has not, and need not do so. Your mother has not the faint-

est suspicion. Justine will, for her own sake, hold her tongue. There only remain you and I."

"Well, now, we will suppose that safe. Now I want your candid opinion, as an honorable man. *Ought I*—is it my duty—to acquaint Miss Otway with it?"

"I don't see the slightest reason why you should. It concerns your sister, not yourself; it would be an unkind step as regards her, and an unnecessary one as respects yourself."

"You really think so, Paul?"

"I do, indeed, Horace."

"Good! then henceforth let it be not named between us. You don't know what a load you have taken from my mind by giving me this assurance." A pause followed.

"When are you to be married?" I demanded with a countenance, I fear, not so congratulatory as he expected. He looked a little cast down.

"I have no right to hurry the thing on, you see; and she is very reserved. Some people might fancy she was cold, but to me she is the very incarnation of feminine purity!"

A good deal more he added in the same strain, before we parted for the night. The upshot of the business appeared to be, that, after a rather short acquaintance, Horace was an engaged man. I was not astonished at his success, with the daughter even of so wealthy a man as Mr. Otway was reputed to be, for already he was named as a most rising man, with every chance of a brilliant future in his profession; and his remarkable powers of wit and illustration distinguished him, even in general society, from his fellows. My acquaintance with both father and daughter chanced thus. Mr. Otway had a connection with some of the foreign mercantile houses, and frequently made voyages in person. On one of these occasions he and his daughter were passengers on board the ship to which I had the honor of being junior surgeon, and I had watched that young lady's proceedings with a good deal of amusement. I remembered her as a very elegant young woman, with a pair of steely-blue eyes, fair hair, a singular purity of complexion—which, I suspected, had to do duty for purity of purpose, and a catlike grace and stealthiness of movement. One

drawback I must add—she possessed a certain thinness and sharpness in the quality of her voice, which could be unpleasant occasionally, when she spoke and was ill-pleased, and which certainly forbade her ever to attempt to increase the number of her charms by the aid of song. These were the most noticeable features of her *personnel*; as to the rest—I am not often uncharitable—but I knew that she had been engaged once or twice, and that a good many young men considered themselves exceedingly ill-treated by her. If Horace were to marry, I wished heartily that he had selected some one of whom I had formed a less unfavorable opinion. But advice is rarely taken, even when asked for, in such affairs.

A few months glided rapidly away, and witnessed our taking possession of our respective positions. I obtained my diploma, and was established as resident physician at — Grange, while Horace stood before the world as the accepted lover of the wealthy Miss Otway. She used her power a little mercilessly: he was literally harnessed to the wheels of her chariot, and everywhere graced her triumph. Thus Horace had to appear in a triple character—a devoted lover, an active surgeon, a popular lecturer; not to count that she also expected him to shine in society. He rose early, and arranged for his morning lecture to his private pupils; then he saw a large number of out-patients, made his rounds—where, as his fame extended, he had frequently to perform difficult and delicate surgical operations—then to his evening lecture again. After a hasty dinner he would repair to some scientific or medical meeting, and read a brilliant and effective paper prepared Heaven knows when; from which he proceeded to attend Miss Otway to a ball, or the opera, or wherever that young lady chose to be seen with him; and once there—owing, perhaps, to the presence of the object of his affections, the excitement of company, and his variable spirits—he was unsparing of his apparently never-flagging powers, was applauded, admired, and quoted. This gratified his impulsive nature, as it exhausted his energies; and at two or three A.M., more or less jaded, he would snatch a few hours' sleep, until his multifarious duties again summoned him. But that he could, as I said before, sleep almost at will, he must have given way under it.

I may be accused of judging Miss Otway a little harshly, but the result will bear me guiltless. I heard of Horace frequently, and directly from him occasionally. More than once I met them both at different houses, and had full opportunity to verify my opinion. Miss Otway's manner towards him was, to my mind, very cold; and if her smile was bright, it had also that heartless, set expression, which bears about as much relation to a warm heart as the flame of a spirit-lamp does to a coal fire. However, he always spoke of her with the utmost generosity, lamenting only that he could not prevail on her to fix the marriage for a definite day; but added that he should be unreasonable indeed to complain, for that their house and table were always open to him; that he never went without receiving a hearty welcome from Mr. Otway, and that Cecile's manner was in private all a lover could wish for. Indeed, even if a day passed without their seeing each other, the next was sure to bring him a summons; and I knew quite well what a pile of tiny three-cornered pink-tinted notes he had treasured up.

When I encountered Miss Otway in society—which, however, from my onerous avocations, I was rarely enabled to do—she received me from the first with a marked cordiality, hardly warranted by our previous very slight acquaintance. Was this, as she took care to inform me, because I was the friend of Horace? or was it rather to enlist my sympathy and secure my silence as to what I might have formerly seen and heard of her character? I was uncharitable enough to believe the latter; and if I considered her a thorough coquette, I had the satisfaction of knowing that a good many men, and a large majority of women, were of my way of thinking. However, it was obviously not my place to interfere. I tried to give her credit for future good intentions, and to believe in her affection for Horace, against my own conviction. And I am not the first man, nor shall I be the last, who has lent credit to a fair face.

"Yes, I am proud of Horace," she said to me one evening, when the fancy took her to lean confidently on my arm. We both watched his powerful, and, if the truth be said, somewhat clumsy, person, shouldering a path in the crowd, easily visible from his great

height. "Every thing he does is so masculine and characteristic."

"He has a very warm and affectionate disposition, and a most unselfish heart, Miss Otway; and that, let me tell you, is a very rare qualification among our sex." No reply. "And it generally fails to meet with its deserts," I added, a little sadly.

"You know Horace can do no wrong in my eyes, doctor," returned Cecile, "and that ought to content even *your* friendship, exigent as it is." And again the old honeyed smile.

"We will hope it may always continue to be the case," I replied, in a rather churlish manner.

A few weeks after this Horace came to me, looking terribly out of sorts. He lit a large cigar, and puffed away at it furiously, as if he wished to get rid of some secret irritation. I continued writing, without boring him by inquiries. At last out came his grievance.

"I say, Paul, old Otway is going abroad for a twelvemonth, and Cecile is going with him."

"How does she like that?" I asked.

"That is the point. I can't understand it," he said, dashing down his cigar in uncontrolled impatience. "She likes it very well indeed, and takes to it as a child does to new milk. She says she is very much grieved, and all that: indeed, she shed tears" (this with a little softening in his tone), "and I may have pressed her too hard; but still she does not really care—she hardly pretends."

"Why not marry at once, and save her the trouble and expense of the voyage; or, at least, let her make the tour in your company, instead of her father's?"

"Exactly what I urged: you know there is no earthly reason why we should not. I am making more than £900 per annum now, besides £200 a year of my own, and the absolute certainty of more at my mother's death; and, as to a house, one can procure any thing for money in London, from a castle down to a wigwam. I did implore and beg. Was ever any woman yet so cold and so gentle? She wept, and caressed, and talked about her duty to her father, until I was bewildered."

I said nothing: but I thought she owed a

duty to her intended husband no less than to her father, who was in perfect health, and by no means a gentleman who laid solitude much to heart. Indeed, if she shed tears, she should have let her father see them, as I had ample reason to know that he never denied her any request.

"She says she cannot bear the idea of her father being quite alone," he continued.

"She knows he would most likely marry again if he were," I said, coolly.

Horace looked disgusted. "What a brute you are! I almost hate you, Paul." Then the poor fellow began to reproach himself for ever having blamed her even for an instant. "It's not that I doubt her truth and constancy, however little I am worthy of her," he said, humbly. "I believe in her," continued the good, trusting heart, "as I do in Heaven! But my lonely home—my solitary hearth—that is what crows me. Oh! the horror of going every night into the house which contains no face to gladden at your presence, no ear to listen for your footstep, no eye to brighten at your approach. I tell you it is the knowledge that as I pace these weary, crowded, seething streets, if I were to fall down dead I should be carried to the nearest hospital, and no moan would be made—none would own me, unless one of my own lads got hold of me—"

"Nay—this is morbid, Horace. It is not true that no one cares for you, and you know it. Cecile Otway is not the only woman in the world."

"She is all that this world has of woman for me," he returned, with a dogged dismalness that almost tempted me to smile, provoked as I was at the whole affair. "She complains of my impetuosity, Paul, though her words are gentle enough. If I am impetuous, it is not without reason. Women hardly understand how far they try a man when they make regulations simply by the light of their own experience. However, I must submit. I know her truth. I am well assured of her real love; and I'll do my duty, never doubting, and 'take the first best that offers,' as the German sage says."

In due time the vessel sailed, the Otways left England, and Horace was no longer fevered by the presence of Cecile. He was rather gloomy and moping at first, but soon threw himself with ardor into hard work; which is, after all, the best specific in love.

Cedit amor rebus: res age, tutus eris. He was soon after formally offered the professorship of — at — Hospital. At first I urged him to accept it, in spite of his exhibiting a most unaccountable disinclination to do so.

"I'm more independent as I am, Paul," he argued. "I lecture my own men: I can say what I please, as I please, when and where I please; the number of my pupils increases every term, so that I make a fair income independent of my practice. You know I'm an odd fellow: I don't like binding myself down to any particular views, or to be pledged to any unchangeable round of duty. Come and see my fellows some day, and judge for yourself."

I took him at his word, and some little time after this conversation I repaired in good time in the morning to the large, dingy room in a certain quiet street, where he held his classes. There were, I suppose, upwards of a hundred students assembled, every description of man being there represented. One or two I recognized as old acquaintances, and others I knew owing to my connection with — Hospital. Take them altogether, they were a rough-looking lot, though several were dressed in the extreme of fashion; but these were exceptions. I saw a face I knew; it was that of a sallow, sodden-visaged fellow, the son of a hard-working incumbent in the south. He had long been the plague of his father's heart, and for the last three years he had been cut down to a pound a week, paid every Monday morning. Here was an earnest, slow-witted, pale-faced lad, who looked as if he wished to study, but couldn't. And here was another, of unmistakably Hebrew descent, all rings, and chains, and oaths. Beards were not as common then as they are now; but there was a large sprinkling of moustaches, a great dearth of clean shirts, and an all-pervading smell of tobacco.

Very soon Saltoun strode in, dashed down his hat, and without notes or papers—without, apparently, preparation of any kind—he at once plunged into his subject. It comprehended some of the more intricate anatomy of part of the knee-joint; and I was amazed at the striking and lucid manner in which he handled so dry a subject. He did it in a thoroughly masterly style, illustrating it with imagery, sometimes forcible,

sometimes grotesque, and clenching the point with some humorous remark, or some anecdote strictly suitable to an audience whose fault was not that of being too fastidious. He was a swift and skilful draughtsman, and the sketches he made as he proceeded were such that the veriest dolt must needs have learned somewhat. A few on the front benches were the constant object of his lecture, half conversational as it was; and from time to time he declared that he read that in their countenances which induced him to believe they wished and felt competent themselves to elucidate the point in hand. The unfortunate men who thus found themselves the object of attention to the whole class, could not shirk this public appeal; and accordingly, as they acquitted themselves, they were rewarded by the applause or the jeers of their fellows. There was about Saltoun an energy which seemed to diffuse itself irresistibly among the men; a kind of concentrated vitality, which, by the power of his strong individual will, inspired those near him, and carried them with him.

After nearly two hours of brilliant demonstration, Horace suddenly caught my eye, and concluded by saying,—

"And now, gentlemen, I wish you a very good-morning."

In a moment every man was on his legs. Horace pushed through the crowd, slipped his arm through mine, and we passed into the hall, where a few men were exchanging students' chaff with the untidy maid who acted as gyp for the whole establishment; and to do her justice, she appeared on the best of terms with the young fellows, and in the encounter of wits it was not *she* who had the worst of it.

"How do you like my crew, Paul?—a rough lot, eh? But some of them are very good fellows, in their way. You see it is not the most elegant, nor yet the most promising of the students, who resort to me; but the black sheep, and the lost, the lazy, the hopelessly stupid, prodigal sons generally, and the often-plucked ones particularly: they all come to me." And he gave his old boisterous, genial laugh.

"Surely, Horace, I saw one or two men who were mates of mine?"

"I dare say you did. They have stuck in the mud, and it is Hercules' own work to

hoist them out again. Did you notice that scampish, quick-eyed, dissipated fellow to the right front? He was plucked years ago; since then he has been dresser and assistant abroad with one of the contingents. He is up to his work—indeed, a good many of them are; but they either cannot or will not read. When the bigwigs say, 'Now, Mr. —, in such a case, what would you do?' they mostly answer right enough; but when they demand, further, 'Why would you pursue that course of treatment?' they are altogether at sea. One of my men answered, boldly, 'Because it's the best plan to cure your patient;' and I defy the college to improve on it. It got him through; but he told it about, and some of the hopeless ones looked on it as a charm, tried the same dodge, and were sent to the right about: 'recommended to pursue their studies for six months longer'—I think that is the euphemistic phrase employed."

"Who was that dull, grave, dispirited-looking man in a corner?"

"Oh, the men call him, rather profanely, the 'God-forgotten man.' He has been grinding away under different tutors for five years, and he has not passed yet. Poor fellow, I hope he will: he is dresser at one place and dispenser at another, and is a hard plodder; but somehow his brain wants quality. His wife came to me the other day: 'Now, Mr. Saltoun, Alfred knows the cavity of the chest, and the muscles of the face and neck, and the thoracic regions, but he is not up in the knee-joint, the wrist, and carpal articulations.' Fancy that! he is a married man: so I gave him the knee to-day. Those eight in the front rank go up to-night: two of them will be spun; two more *may* pass; the other four *must*, if they are ordinarily easy examinations."

"And you like this better than a professor's chair?"

"Yes, I do; I enjoy it. I get quite fond of my *enfants terribles*, and I am as keenly interested in their success as it is possible to be. I live my student life over again in them: yet some of them are the most awful scamps, too," he added, laughing.

"I think you infuse energy into them."

"It is, depend on it, a reciprocal action, then; for they infect me with their youth."

I may mention here, that, owing to unforeseen circumstances, the opportunity for

purchasing the entire of the practice on which I had entered presented itself much sooner than I anticipated; and as I have already explained that I was entirely dependent on my own exertions, it found me unprepared—in truth I had not had time to save, and I was reluctantly about to relinquish the idea of succeeding to it. This reached Saltoun's ears, and quite unsolicited, he advanced the money in the most delicate manner, without my knowledge; refusing to accept any formal acknowledgment. I was able in a short time to repay him; but I was deeply touched by his kindness. This is only one of his many generous actions to old friends, always performed with the same absence of ostentation. When I endeavored to thank him, and to insist on his taking some security, he made the most frightful grimaces, and begged me, as I valued his peace, to let the subject drop.

About six or eight months after this he surprised me with a visit; as I knew it was not his disengaged time, it was the more unexpected when he announced that he meant to stay some days; and I observed with real anxiety, that he was very thin—for him almost emaciated—and seemed wretchedly out of spirits. The dinner-bell rang, but he did not appear, so I went up to his room with an exordium on punctuality, ready to deliver; I found him with his razors out, coolly preparing to shave.

"My good fellow, leave your stubble till after dinner."

"I've sharpened my razors," he said, obstinately, "and I may as well use them."

"But the dinner?"

"Stay until I've finished," he replied; "if you do, I promise you you will see me down a good deal earlier than you otherwise would."

I concluded he was in one of his queer humors, and, unwilling to cross him, I sat down until the operation was concluded. We then went down-stairs. Now I can hardly account for it except by some sort of instinct; but I gave previous orders that no wine should appear at dinner, and when the deficiency became manifest, I contented myself with remarking, "I know you are a water-drinker, and I find it too heating this warm weather."

He acquiesced, and so it passed; but that night, after our evening cigar, just before we turned in, he grasped my shoulder, or rather clutched it, and said,—

"Tell me the truth, Paul; what made you order that there should be no wine? Did I look as if I wanted drink? Do you think other people can detect the demon that possesses me?"

This confirmed my secret idea.

I merely replied, "It is better never to enter into temptation; but I'm quite certain, Horace, no one imagines that such an occasional impulse exists with you."

He compressed his lips. "Well, Paul, put me under treatment; for when I came down to you it was because I knew it was my safety. I felt the most awful, infernal craving that any one out of hell can imagine. I don't want to drink. It is—O God!—it is that I want to feel *drunk*. I don't often undergo it, and I know when it is coming on. I begin to feel miserable and gloomy without knowing why—only that every thing seems going wrong, and that something dreadful is about to happen; or else I feel so irritated and quarrelsome at the slightest contradiction from others that I turn away and actually shed tears because I must not strike them; when that wears off, this terrible desire to get madly intoxicated follows. I think of it with rapture: it seems to promise me heaven—oblivion from all present misery; and at the bare thought of it excessive joy comes to me. I felt gloomy enough to hang myself this morning as I came down here."

"Or cut your throat?" I said.

"Or cut my throat," he repeated with emphasis.

The only thing to be done was to nip it in the bud, if possible. I put him under a course of sedatives, combined with tonics; insisted on regular hours, cheerful society, bathing, etc.; and I had the satisfaction of seeing my prescription do its work. The tears came into his eyes as he wrung my hand in parting.

"You will always find me here, Horace, and a welcome for you."

"All right, old fellow," he replied, with the most perfect composure. "I hope the next visit will not be for aye and forever."

So we parted.

From The Examiner.

The Autobiography and Correspondence of Mary Granville, Mrs. Delany; with interesting Reminiscences of King George the Third and Queen Charlotte. Edited by the Right Hon. Lady Llanover. 3 Vols. Bentley.

THIS book gives us a real old picture without any of the touching and varnishing employed too often by editors of memoirs, who consider themselves as artists bound to present a glossy portrait of the person whose living features they propose to represent. Lady Llanover has represented the life of her kinswoman, Mrs. Delany, as detailed by herself in her correspondence with her sister and most intimate friends. Here we have "the familiar matter, joy and pain," which makes up daily life in every century, and which can be written and spoken of only in the innocent unreserve of domestic intercourse. We are admitted to the privilege of intimacy and relationship with one who is almost an ideal Englishwoman. Mrs. Delany's letters were not meant for any eyes except those of the dear sister to whom chiefly they are addressed. They have the charm of a perfect unconsciousness, the modest unreserve which had no secrets except those which come of innate good sense and reverence for all that is pure. There is a dignified reticence upon subjects about which mere talk is undesirable, affording healthy contrast to the morbid self-analysis of which examples are not few. These letters contain simple, natural, and living words; the reader is taken by them into the heart of life and manners as they were a hundred and sixty years ago, and finds in it nothing stiff or old-fashioned. We may look at old portraits of great-grandmothers, and wonder where their human nature was, when we see only the cumbrous embroidery and the uncomfortable fashions of their clothes. In these volumes women, whom we know only as great-grandmothers, live in the freshness of their youth and beauty, coming out in new fashions, stirring, gossiping, and amusing themselves. The work illustrates that English life of the last century which is best known to us through Tom Jones, and Sir Charles Grandison.

There may be complaint that the editor has given every thing without selection, and has troubled us with much that is minute in

detail and of merely private interest. The book in fact carries to defect the merit of not being "made up," and we bear with its bulk for the sake of the scrupulous reverence with which Lady Llanover has given us the letters untouched and uncurtailed. The industry, indeed, of a loving zeal on the editor's part is a pleasant feature in the volumes, apart from the value of her notes, illustrative and biographical. It is a grave fault that there is no index, but the memoirs are not yet complete. An ample index doubtless is reserved for their last volume. The three volumes now before us only reach half-way through Mrs. Delany's life—to the first break in the chain of her domestic ties, the death of her dear and only sister, Mrs. d'Ewes, to whom most of her letters are addressed. Illustrations of her life with the Court of George the Third and Queen Charlotte, are yet to come. One fitness there is in the prolixity of detail illustrative of a private lady's life in the last century. The life itself of those days was very much slower than it is at present, and it would have been difficult, without thus covering time and space, to convey an idea of the stately coach-and-six movement with which all business was in those days transacted. The whole interest, too, is so minute, so entirely personal, that it would have been difficult to select matter for omission. The conservative genius of the editor, leaving the old life story just as it was, suits well with the humor of the past presented by it. Some of the notes are too long, and there are unnecessary extracts from familiar books. But for Mrs. Delany's own letters, they become almost as welcome to us as they once were to her sister.

The three volumes are daintily illustrated with portraits of the chief persons mentioned in their text. There is Ann Granville, afterwards Mrs. d'Ewes, with a beautiful face expressive of all womanly good sense. There is the Duchess of Portland, most bewitching of fine ladies; Mrs. Elizabeth Carter, pleasantly strong-minded; Lady Mary Wortley Montague, as she was before she had begun to despise fine clothes and cleanliness; the Duchess of Queensbury, brilliant in a unlike costume; what must she have been in her court-suit and jewels? Of course, too, there is Mrs. Delany herself—who, both as young Mary Granville and in

her old and honored age, looked like a worthy woman, gentle, sagacious, kind, and strong. There are other portraits of women who in their day and generation counted broken-hearted lovers by the score. But there are only two male portraits, one that of George Granville Lord Lansdowne, the courtly wit and poet, and another a delightful miniature of a little boy who we are told in a note was—grandfather to the present Duke of Portland.

Mary Granville, Mrs. Delany, was the daughter of Bernard Granville, brother to George Granville, created Lord Lansdowne by Queen Anne. She was born May 14, 1700, at Coulston, in Wiltshire. Her father and uncle were grandsons of Sir Bevil Granville, who was killed at Lansdowne whilst fighting on the Royalist side in the parliamentary wars. One of Mrs. Delany's earliest recollections is a visit which Handel paid them in 1710; she says,—

"We had no better instrument in the house than a little spinnet of mine, on which that great musician performed wonders. I was much struck with his playing, but struck as a child, not as a judge; for the moment he was gone I seated myself to my instrument, and played the best lesson I had then learnt. My uncle actually asked me whether I thought I should ever play as well as Mr. Handel. 'If I did not think I should,' cried I, 'I would burn my instrument.'"

One of the most curious and entertaining portions of the Memoirs is the autobiography addressed in letters to Mrs. Delany's early and life-long friend, the celebrated Duchess of Portland. It is written with fictitious names, to which, however, we have the key given us. The style is singularly simple and flowing. There is no attempt at fine writing or effect, and the result is an excitement of the strongest interest. One of the first remarkable events that befell her was finding, when she awoke one morning, two soldiers with guns in their hands standing beside her bed! They had come to arrest the whole family on a Secretary of State's warrant, granted on suspicion that her father was about to leave England on the Pretender's business. All the Granvilles had hereditary affection for the House of Stuart.

Mrs. Delany had been brought up in the expectation of being maid of honor to Queen Anne, but the death of the queen and the

imprisonment of Lord Lansdowne made a great change in her destiny. Her father retired to a small estate in Gloucestershire called Buckland, given to him by his brother, and thither at the age of fifteen Mary Granville was taken when she had barely looked at the delights of a town life. It was five days' journey from London into Gloucestershire, the travel was in November, and the house at which they arrived was found to be blocked up by a fall of snow. The girl was young enough to regret keenly the loss of plays and operas, but she bore the girlish trouble sensibly, and exerted herself to be cheerful for the comfort of her father and mother. She had no resources outside her own home. The account of her life shows that "*les plaisirs innocens*" have interest of their own, even in innocent detail. For us, too, the description is a welcome picture of old English life in the depths of the country. Mary Granville's great friend was a Miss Kirkham, who afterwards became Mrs. Chaponne, and whose son married the famous mistress of all young women who would be taught by her letters. Lord Lansdowne was the grand relative of the family. Mrs. Delany's father was dependent on him for his income. When, after two years of imprisonment, my lord and the countess were released from the Tower, Mary Granville was invited to stay with them at their house near Bath. He was a fascinating man, very fond also of his niece, but he was selfish and unscrupulous. One of his old friends was Mr. Pendarves, a man of large possessions, sixty years of age. Mr. Pendarves, who was of a repulsive person and habits, bad tempered and generally ill-conditioned, fell in love with the beautiful Mary Granville, then just seventeen. Lord Lansdowne insisted that his niece should accept the old suitor's proposals, and in spite of tears and entreaties he compelled her to marry him. She was married, as she says, "in great pomp, and never was woe dressed out in gayer colors." A young man who had been tenderly attached to her was struck with paralysis on hearing of her marriage, and he died in less than a year. Under the pillow of his death-bed there was found a piece of cut paper which he had stolen from Mary's closet at home. Mr. Pendarves carried his young wife to a dreary old family seat, Roscrow, in Cornwall.

The house had not been inhabited for thirty years. Yet here, shut up with a surly husband, the woman's fine and courageous nature could assert itself. She exerted herself to be good and pleasant to her husband, and to make the best of her position. Young, beautiful, courted by all the men who came near her, linked with an old, unloved husband, who, though stupidly jealous, would have been easily blinded, young Mrs. Pendarves looked neither to the right hand nor the left. She wasted no time on commiseration of herself, and she sought no sympathy from others; would accept no homage to her vanity or sensibility, but quietly and cheerfully endured her lot, and did her duty in the state she had accepted. Always noble and tender, a true heroine, English Mrs. Delany was; as unlike the heroine of a French novel or drama as if she had belonged to another race of beings. We commend her history to the attentive study of all fidgety *femmes incomprises*.

After seven years of this marriage, Mr. Pendarves died, but he did not leave the patient wife a well-dowered widow, for his will was not signed, and her jointure was a slender one. Yet she made no complaint. When, after awhile, established in London, she could gather a bright circle of friends about her, and see the great world, she gave lively and happy pictures of it in letters to her sister, with whom she kept up a constant correspondence. Here we have very minute details of her life and occupations. The letters are not less lively than those of Lady Mary Wortley Montague, but the good nature that warms them makes them pleasanter to read. "That morning I was entertained with Cuzzoni. Oh, how charming! How did I wish for all I love and like to be with

me; my senses were ravished with harmony!" Again she mentions "hearing Mr. Handel's opera performed by Faustina, Cuzzoni, and Sennesino." She gives an account of the coronation of George II., and of a subsequent entertainment at the Mansion House when king and queen were present. When she goes to Queen Caroline's birthday the queen thanks Lady Carteret for bringing her, and is obliged to Mrs. Pendarves for her pretty clothes. The fashions are superb—the king in blue velvet, with diamond buttons; the Prince of Wales in mouse-colored velvet, turned up with scarlet. There is mention, too, of the famous Countess of Huntingdon's appearance at a birthday, in velvet embroidered with an immense flower-pot, the flowers growing out of it and covering the whole dress.

It is charming to see the true natural woman thus enjoying gayety of life for the first time. But she had another trial. Lord Baltimore, a young and fascinating man, took pains to win her heart, succeeded, coquetted, was met with a womanly dignity, and jilted her, marrying for money. Mrs. Pendarves never pities herself, or speaks of her disappointment, but does her best to get over it. She speaks of Lord Baltimore without any bitterness, and makes no ill-natured comment on his marriage.

It was after the serious illness caused by this affair that she went to Ireland, and first saw her future husband, Dr. Delany. She was admired by Swift, who wrote her charming letters. The account of country life in Ireland at that period is full of a decorous jollity. Mrs. Delany's second residence in Ireland is not in the description so amusing as her first visit, but there is much good matter nevertheless, and the maturing of her character is very marked.

DECAY OF IDOLATRY IN INDIA.—A traveller from Madras to Jaffna states that but few of the heathen temples he passed were in good order; those regularly repaired and used are comparatively few. Many of the temples are gradually going to ruin—towers, walls, and rooms where the idols sit are broken; many of the idols that

were carried with great parade are now resting in their places, with no one to wipe or clean them. Many idol cars, once drawn with great pomp and parade, are so neglected that they can only be used for fuel. The impression is steadily gaining ground among the people that their idol system has had its day, and that the religion of the gospel will eventually fill the whole land.

From The Athenæum.

Correspondence between the Bishop of Exeter and Right Hon. T. B. Macaulay, in January, 1849, on certain Statements respecting the Church of England, in the First Chapter of his History of England. Murray.

A FAIR fight between two such doughty and adroit champions as the present Lord Bishop of Exeter and the late Lord Macaulay is good to see. A generation which delights in personal prowess and in personal encounters,—which has raised John Heenan and Tom Sayers into the rank of immortals, and made the meadow at Farnborough classical ground, will rejoice to see the prelate tuck up his lawn, and mark the historian bound into the ring. The challenge came from Bishopstowe, the response from the Albany. At first, the note of offence is mild and honeyed; perhaps the episcopal Heenan is afraid of his man; perhaps it is only his natural modesty or a desire to excite the sympathy of spectators. The historical Tom Sayers, confident with many victories, politely contemptuous in reply, accepts the battle, if his adversary should be really indiscreet enough to force him into an attitude of self-defence. So they shake hands, square, and strike out. Tom, we are sorry to say, gets many a knock-down blow; it is wonderful to see him rally to the call, laugh in his powerful adversary's face, lunge out right and left, and now and then, by an unexpected hit, send the big man staggering, stunned, and blinded, into his corner of the ring. At last they close, and Tom goes down. The fight ends in a hubbub; and if the historical and rhetorical Tom's friends claim a drawn battle, the prelatical Heenan enjoys at least the last shout of victory, and, in his own opinion, establishes his claims to the belt.

How courteous is the first challenge from Bishopstowe to the Albany! The bishop writes to Macaulay on his "History":—

"All must admire it for its unequalled ability, eloquence, force of expression, power of condensation, where condensation is necessary, power of expansion and graphic detail, where your subject admits of expansion and detail. In truth, never in a single instance did I wish your narrative or your comment abridged. But your highest merit is your unequalled truthfulness."

There is a hint—no more than a hint—unless the prelate is ironical—that Lord Macaulay may, in spite of his marvellous "truthfulness," be a little of a partisan:—

"Biassed as you must be by your political creed, your party, and connections, it is quite clear that you will never sacrifice the smallest particle of truth to those considerations. If I think that you are not sufficiently on your guard against those partialities in any instance, it is in your estimate of William the Third. The deep stain of vice in his private morals is not I think, stated as it ought to have been, especially of the brutal manner in which he prosecuted his scandalous adulteries with the ladies of his queen's own household under her very eye."

This gentle flattery introduces the real subject of the communication,—the point on which controversy is challenged:—

My object is not to criticise your History, but to state to you, as briefly as I may, one or two particulars, on which you are already aware that I think you are somewhat in error. I especially refer to some things said by you respecting Cranmer and the history of the Church of England in his time."

Then follows a most subtle and searching inquiry into the authorities on which Macaulay relies for his portrait of Cranmer. Macaulay's picture of the great Protestant archbishop is well known. In his "Essays" and in his "History" he has painted the figure of a loose, worldly, and uncourageous priest, more zealous for his order than for the truth, a persecutor in power, a whining sycophant in adversity. Cranmer's conduct cannot be wholly defended, nor does the bishop seek to excuse it in every part. But he produces plenty of evidence to show that Macaulay was mistaken as to many of his facts and unjust in most of his inferences. Into this debate we do not ourselves mean to go; it is a question of those small details, of those microscopic comparisons and verbal constructions, which are wearying to the general mind, unless stated in full and surrounded by the accessory facts. Those who care for Cranmer's reputation will read for themselves all that the defender of his honor has to say in his behalf. Suffice it, that the bishop defends Cranmer from the imputation of baseness and worldliness:—

"There never was a person in any thing like the eminent station occupied by Cran-

mer, so long conversant with kings and courts, who was so free as he, not only from statecraft, but from every thing like the habits, views, and policy of a statesman. From disposition, and probably from prudence, he avoided further than could have been thought possible all mixture in the statesmanship of the times. *Gardiner* was the episcopal statesman; and *Cranmer* probably owed much of his influence over Henry to his entire abstinence from all dealing with matters of state. His whole conduct was, I think, dictated by a cautious and wary vigilance to observe every occasion on which the Reformation of our Church from the corruptions of Rome could be advanced, and to interpose every check to Henry's frequent desire to bring back every doctrinal error, which he, with the aid of *Gardiner*, could again fasten on our system. *Cranmer's* success in this endeavor was wonderful. But I spare you details."

But the bishop's gage of battle is not the character of *Cranmer*, singularly important to the Church of England as that character must ever be: it is the whole scheme of *Macaulay's* presentation of the Church, in its early, organizing days, to which the Lord of Exeter objects. His objections to the tone, statement, and presentation of the subject in the "History" are expressed at length, and with very great force of statement and citation.

Mr. *Macaulay* answers these criticisms in a manner quite his own:—

"I beg you to accept my thanks for your highly interesting letter. I have seldom been more gratified than by your approbation; and I can with truth assure you that I am not solicitous to defend my book against any criticisms to which it may be justly open. I have undertaken a task which makes it necessary for me to treat of many subjects with which it is impossible that one man should be more than superficially acquainted—law, divinity, military affairs, maritime affairs, trade, finance, manufactures, letters, arts, sciences. It would therefore be the height of folly and arrogance in me to receive ungraciously suggestions offered in a friendly spirit, by persons who have studied profoundly branches of knowledge to which I have been able to give only a passing attention. I should not, I assure you, feel at all mortified or humbled at being compelled to own that I had been set right by an able and learned prelate on a question of ecclesiastical history. I really think, however, that it is in my power to vindicate myself from the charge of having misrepresented

the sentiments of the English Reformers concerning Church Government."

How vindicate himself? By asserting that his correspondence has wholly missed his meaning in the most material points. "The truth is, that you altogether misapprehend the use which I make of *Cranmer's* answer." After a long defence, which is always dexterous and sometimes successful, *Macaulay* ends in a less confident tone than he began: "The difference between us is a difference of degree, and differences of degree are not easily expressed with precision in words. I do not, I must own, feel satisfied that the language which I have used requires any modification. But if reading and reflection should lead me to a different opinion, false shame shall not prevent me from making a public retraction."

The bishop now feels his advantage, and he presses home on his antagonist. The elaborate courtesy—or irony—of the first communication disappears; and, at the very beginning of the reply, there is a *brusque* intimation that verbal civilities are at an end. After quoting a few lines from the "History," the bishop says, with the utmost plainness:—

"When I say that *this I emphatically deny*, you will, I am sure, understand me as only intending to express my meaning plainly, not offensively, and as disencumbering both of us from the necessity of making apologies at every step of our discussion."

This is stripping for the fight; and into it the bishop goes, feeling his strength increase as he pounds away at his adversary, and sometimes showing very plainly that he strikes in mere contempt. Such a passage as this following must have been gall and wormwood to the historian:—

"In respect to *Cranmer*, I spare you and myself a detailed argument. I am content with saying, that after a rigid search, I can find not a particle of evidence in favor of your statement of his doctrine on this subject, except the one answer to the 9th question proposed in the Commission of 1540, in which answer not one of the bishops and divines joined with him in the Commission, concurred. They all decided contrary to him, and that decision of theirs he reported to Henry as the decision of the Commission, not saying one word of his own."

And this:—

"I shall not hesitate to say (though I hope you will not ascribe my saying it to a want of high respect to both yourself and Lord Clarendon) that you have grievously misapprehended the case. Such never was the law of the Church of England."

And this one, also:—

"As the government,' you say, 'needed the support of the Protestants, so the Protestants needed the protection of the government. Much was therefore given up on both sides; an union was effected, and the fruit of that union was the Church of England.'—51. It is a pity to disturb so exquisitely antithetic a system. But, undoubtedly, it is so totally opposed to the most glaring and notorious facts, that it is better it should be disturbed by a friend (forgive me for presuming so to call myself) than by a foe."

The bishop concludes his first set of charges against the version of Church history put forth by Macaulay in these words:—

"I will not trespass longer upon you. I think that you will require no apology for what I have written. You will do yourself and me the justice of seeing that it could not have proceeded from any other than the most respectful feeling towards you and your immortal work. I grieve to think that in that work should be embalmed errors so grievously injurious to the Church, as those on which I have presumed to address you. Would that what I have written may induce you to look more closely into the various matters which I have brought to your attention."

To the vast body of historical reference, on Church history, contained in the bishop's Letters, Macaulay briefly replied. He began, in a far less confident tone than before, though still clinging to his expressed opinion:—

"I should be most ungrateful if I did not thankfully acknowledge my obligations to your lordship for the highly interesting and very friendly letters with which you have honored me. Before another edition of my book appears I shall have time to weigh your observations carefully, and to examine the works to which you have called my attention. You have convinced me of the propriety of making some alterations. But I hope that you will not accuse me of pertinacity if I add that, as far as I can at present judge, those alterations will be slight, and that, on the great points in issue, my opinion is unchanged."

Macaulay goes, at some length, into a

defence of various controverted statements in his "History." But he does not mollify his adroit antagonist, even when, in repetitions of respect for these criticisms, and his desire to improve by them, he says: "I again assure your lordship that I will carefully reconsider the opinion which I have formed on these important matters, and will weigh with attention the many valuable observations contained in your letters." Exeter answers, in a last word, full of confidence: "I am not going to inflict another long letter upon you; but I am confident that you would rather know what I think of the new matter stated in your letter."

The last words of all in this Correspondence, touching the value of a paper to which Macaulay had assigned an unwarranted value, are the most trenchant; and the facts which they contain are, perhaps, the most damaging to the historian:—

"The stress laid by you on the paper cited in *Strype*, Mem. i., ch. 17, *astonishes* me. No lighter word would do justice to my feeling. 'A Paper,' found in a public library, '*without name and without date,*' '*seems*' to *Strype* (a most inaccurate and ill-judging, though very honest writer), 'to be in the hand of *Stephen Gardiner*,' who had been dead nearly a century and a half when this judgment is pronounced upon his handwriting, and the same *Strype* '*thinks* it *may* belong to 1532.' Upon this, you gravely state in your History, that it is 'a very curious paper which *Strype* *believed* to be in *Gardiner's* handwriting,' and, though the paper does no more than ask some unnamed lord, temporal or spiritual, 'whether your lordship think convenient that *we*' (whosoever *we* might have been) 'should endeavor ourselves to prove these Articles following'—stating, amongst others, two outrageous propositions, of which there is not a particle of proof (nor, I must insist, of likelihood) that they were *ever* brought forwards—you say of it, also, in your HISTORY that '*when it was objected etc., it was answered,*' etc., and, in your letter, that 'this paper was *evidently* meant as a kind of *brief* for the Courtly Party in the *Convocation*.' Do not think me very saucy, when I say, that a person *willing* to come to such a conclusion on such evidence would make an invaluable foreman of a jury to convict another *Algernon Sydney*. Seriously, I never met with so monstrous an attempt to support a foregone conclusion."

Macaulay does not appear to have answered this last denunciation!

From The Examiner.

Port Royal: a Contribution to the History of Religion and Literature in France.
By Charles Beard, B.A. Two Volumes.
Longmans.

IN minute and exhaustive research Mr. Beard's volumes are not equal to the elaborate work on Port Royal which M. Sainte-Beuve commenced more than twenty years ago, and finished only a few months back. They contain, however, as much information, honestly collected and skilfully put together, as the majority of English readers will care for, and are far in advance of the somewhat crude memoirs through which Mrs. Schimmel-Penninck had the merit of calling attention to a very valuable subject. It is a chapter out of history well worthy of careful study. It includes the story of more than half of all that is noteworthy in French literature, and it presents in clear perspective one of the most eventful battles that the world has ever seen between the best and the worst developments of Romanism. He who would trace the working by which some of the noblest human intellects strove to bring good out of the papal system, and the opposition which they received from the inherent evils of that system, can find no better subject for his study than the history of Port Royal; and the history has nowhere been told in a better spirit than in Mr. Beard's eloquent and impartial narrative.

It is by a strange gathering of circumstances that an obscure nunnery should, through nearly a century, have been the centre of the noblest intellectual life of which France can boast. The name Port Royal is apparently a corruption from Porrois—in Latin, Portus Regius—a valley near Chevreuse, six leagues west of Paris. There, in the thirteenth century, a religious house was founded, in accordance with the Cistercian rule, Simon de Montfort being one of its earliest patrons. The community was small and poor, and its progress finds scanty record in history until the year 1602, when Jacqueline Arnauld, best known as La Mère Angélique, was appointed abbess. There have been few saintlier women than Angélique, and very few who, desiring to live meekly and unostentatiously, have held stations of greater influence. She was not eleven years old when she was made abbess, and during her youth she had no leaning to

monastic life. When she was fifteen, only illness hindered her from renouncing the office in which she had been placed and fleeing to some Huguenot kindred. But when she found that her position was unalterable, she set herself honestly to fulfil its duties. As soon as she was old enough, she commenced reforming the establishment, which had fallen into listless and worldly habits. Many patient years were spent in restoring the forgotten rules of the foundation, and in winning over by love a body of sisters who, all older than their abbess, were yet young enough to have their hearts set on worldly things. Insisting upon little, she won, by the example of her own austere virtue which she knew how to couple with proper cheerfulness and gayety, more hearty obedience than any laws could have enforced. Under her guidance the community grew partly in numbers, but much more in influence. In 1625 it was found necessary to transfer it to a larger house in Paris, and in 1648 both establishments were put in use; so that henceforth there was a Port Royal de Paris and a Port Royal des Champs.

In Paris Angélique found in M. de Saint-Cyran a confessor whose honest frankness won her reverence. Saint-Cyran was the friend of Jansen, and the first great champion of Jansenist doctrine in France. His learning and genius might have secured for him high place in the Church, and Richelieu tried repeatedly to prefer him. Five bishoprics were offered to him in succession; but he was resolute in his determination to be nothing but a simple priest, uninterrupted by worldly honor, and with best opportunity for doing the work which he had at heart. He desired above every thing to enforce the purer doctrine which Augustine had set forth and which Jansen had revived, and in doing this he was brought into fierce conflict with the Jesuits. To them his wholesome views of Christian duty, and of the responsibility of the soul to Heaven alone, were hateful in the extreme. No sooner had Angélique and the nuns of Port Royal found in him a wise spiritual guide, than the Jesuit suspicions, which had been aroused by the recent reforms, began to shape themselves into plans for persecution. In this way the name Port Royal was gradually becoming the watchword for a new religious activity.

Round Saint-Cyran was growing a little company of earnest thinkers who knew his worth and could understand his teaching. Among them were Singlin and Lancelot. Two others, Le Maître and De Sericourt, were nephews of the abbess of Port Royal. Taking them for his nucleus, Saint-Cyran designed forming a little hermit community, in connection with the sisterhood. He was soon taken, on charge of heresy, to be imprisoned in the Bastille, and only to be released in time to die outside its gates; but the society was strengthened by his sufferings, and made more anxious to protest against the enemy which sought to crush him. Its members, growing numerous, began to be known as the Messieurs de Port Royal. They pledged obedience to no common rule, and wore no special dress; but the same mental likeness which parted them off from the world induced in them similarity of conduct. They met often each day for social prayer and once for a scanty dinner; but at other times they sought to be alone, holding company to be burdensome, and useless speech to be wicked.

While this unhealthy tendency was gaining ground, worthier successors to Saint-Cyran were rising up among men who did not choose so entirely to cut themselves off from the world. Foremost of these, in point of time, was Antoine Arnauld, the youngest brother of Angélique; raised by his learning to be a doctor of the Sorbonne, he soon suffered scandal for his writings in support of Jansenism. In December, 1655, and in the following January he was condemned, for asserting that certain heretical propositions had not been taught by Jansen, and for enouncing one heresy of his own. The seventy-one doctors who voted in his favor shared his expulsion. This trial is noteworthy as a grand beginning of the persecutions of the Port-Royalists: but it has a still greater interest in literary history. During the course of the investigation, Arnauld's friends were accustomed to meet with him and talk over its progress. One day they urged him to prepare a pamphlet in defence of his views. This he did, but the friends were not able to praise it. "I see," he said, "that you do not like my paper, and I think you are right. But you," he added, turning to the most youthful of the company, "you are young, and ought to do something."

The challenge was accepted, and next day they met to hear, and be charmed by, "A Letter written to a Provincial by one of his Friends." The tract was published at once, and seventeen others followed it at intervals. They took the public altogether by surprise. Wits and scholars found in them keener satire and more eloquent argument than had ever yet been uttered in French. The Jesuits were goaded to madness by their vigorous statements of the truth. Thousands read them with delight, and took in all the lessons of religious liberty which they were intended to convey. All men asked eagerly who was writing these wonderful Provincial Letters, but it was only known to a chosen few, that their author was Blaise Pascal.

Pascal was at this time in his thirty-third year. In his youth he had made himself famous as a student of science. All the world knows the story of his having in boyhood, before he was taught any thing of geometry, invented a First Book of Euclid for himself; and there was some excuse for the fable. He detected many important natural truths, and might, had he chosen to prosecute his researches, have rivalled the success of Galileo and Descartes. But circumstances brought him into close contact with all that was worthiest among the Port-Royalists. Jacqueline, the sister whom he most loved, was a member of the convent. He was gradually led to give up his science and apply himself to theology, bringing to it all the caustic wit and shrewd common sense which he had formerly employed on other things. Of this the "Provincial Letters" are the best possible illustration. With special reference to the ground of Arnauld's trial, he begins by playfully describing how he went among Jansenists and Molinists to gain instruction upon the points at issue. We need not attempt to follow his argument or to enter upon the theological details. Every word has force, and every sentence contains polished satire. He boldly denounces the casuistry of the Jesuits, and shows how it is equally ruinous to those who use it and to those against whom it is employed. "The best comedies of Molière," wrote Voltaire, "have not more wit than the first 'Provincial Letters': Bossuet has nothing more sublime than the later ones."

Pascal's eloquence, if it won for his party everlasting fame, chiefly served in his own day to add fury to the spirit of persecution. The years which followed were years of deadly combat between the Port-Royalists and the Jesuits. Fierce abuse and cruel calumny were hurled by the self-appointed champions of the Church. Lacking real objects worthy of attack, they invented heresies and immoralities with which to charge their enemies. They, on the other hand, were not slow in self-defence and counter-attack. There is small interest now in the heap of theological pamphlets which attest the zeal of the combatants: but there is very living value in the spectacle of a small community of men and women bravely holding ground against enemies armed with all the wealth and power, if with not much of the genius, of Catholic Christendom. Death struck heavier blows than any which the Jesuits could level. Pascal died in August, 1662, having only just completed his thirty-ninth year. Angélique ended her life twelve months before, at the age of seventy.

From the turmoil outside it is pleasant to turn to the cloister of this noble woman. Having begun life by commanding, she chose in later years to become subordinate to others, saying that she needed thus to learn humility. When her nuns boasted of the antiquity of Port Royal, and the splendor of the Cistercian Order, she reproved them, exclaiming, "As for me, I am of the Order of all the saints, and all the saints are of my Order." Once she thanked her physician for the services he had rendered her, and he replied that all he could do for her was as nothing. "Say not so," she answered, "nothing is little that is done for God." Upon her death-bed, when the troubles were too great for De Sacy, her nephew and confessor, to visit her as she wished, she remarked, "It is God's will; it troubles me not. My nephew, without God, could do nothing for me; and God, without my nephew, will be all in all."

Hardly was the first requiem chanted over her grave before new troubles fell upon the convent. A formulæ was prepared, condemning the doctrines of Jansen, and every sister was commanded to sign it. Many held that, with slight reservation, this might be done. Jacqueline Pascal, who survived the abbess only two months, was foremost

among those who protested nobly against the least semblance of casuistry. "I know well," she wrote, "that men say that it is not for women to defend the truth; although they might say—since, by a sad accident and confusion of the times in which we live, bishops have no more than women's courage—that women ought to have the courage of bishops. But if it is not our part to defend the truth, it is ours at least to die for it." The mental strain of her brave bearing brought on illness and death at the age of thirty-six; but there were others to remember and act upon her words. The sisterhood refused all treacherous compromise. After four years of threats and remonstrances, the Archbishop of Paris could brook their defiance no longer. He declared them "pure as angels, but proud as devils," and went down in state to take twelve of the most incorrigible and lodge them in prison, putting in their place some women commissioned to break the spirit of the rest. "The archbishop has dealt too gently with the nuns of Port-Royal," said one; "if it had been in Spain, they would have been dressed like devils and burned alive." The harsh treatment which they did receive, however, made no change in their resolution. Not till 1669, after the peace of the Church had been effected, and when a modified formulæ was presented to them, did they consent to sign.

Ten years of moderate prosperity followed the peace of the Church, and then came twenty years of final persecution. A new generation had started up, but the old independence of thought was perpetuated, and the old purity of life found loving imitation. Therefore in October, 1709, the order was sent down for the breaking-up of the community. The sisters were summoned and sent off singly to be imprisoned in distant convents. When in later years the archbishop of Paris found himself in trouble, Madlle de Jouenix exclaimed, "What would you have? God is just, my lord; and these are the stones of Port-Royal falling back upon your head."

On the literary history of Port Royal—with which Mr. Beard fills pleasantly the chief part of his second volume—we have no space to dwell. In Pascal's work alone there is boundless theme for story and for criticism. The "Provincial Letters" occupy middle ground between his earlier sci-

entific tracts and the stern, unwise asceticism often exhibited in the "Thoughts" of his later years. But Pascal was only captain of a whole army of noble writers. Saint-Cyran and Singlin were eloquent pleaders in theology. Nicoll and Arnauld left broad marks of their honesty and learning upon many branches of knowledge—their most important work, outside the circle of technical theology, perhaps being the "Port Royal Logic," even now the best school-book on the science. The modern method of teaching the classics was almost started by Lancel-

ot and his coadjutors in the Port Royal schools. Racine was a Port-Royalist, though he wandered in paths which his school denounced; his plays retain to the last the marked influence of its teaching. On his death-bed he implored the honor of burial within the walls of Port Royal, "although," he said, "I acknowledge myself very unworthy of it, both by the scandals of my past life and by the little use that I have made of the excellent education which I formerly received in that house."

GERMAN BOOKS.—We have spoken of some characteristic French books. To-day we may name one or two that are characteristically German. All are upon practical subjects. Dr. Wilhelm Koch has published at Marburg, after a pause of some years, the concluding part of his laborious work upon the German Railways (Deutschland's Eisenbahnen). It is a book of substantial value to all Englishmen concerned in foreign railway lines; being especially an exposition of the German Railway Law as between directors, customers, and the States through which a line may pass. But with what subtleties of argument the plain statement of actual law is mixed! In our own island the lines all run over ground subject to a single government, but on the Continent, especially in Germany, the rights of many great and little States have to be properly considered. The profound question of a railway's local responsibility—whether a line be answerable along its length, or only at the point to which, let us say, a parcel is addressed, or at the point from which it is sent for any default causing litigation—the jurisdiction being in each case different, is discussed with an acute relish that revives the day when lawyers argued together over such questions as Who is the owner of an egg laid in a nest frequented by the fowls of many households?

Another new German book, and one of great mark, too, is a laborious work on Political Economy by an entirely German Adam Smith, Herr Adolf Trendelenburg. Its title is "Natural Law based upon Ethics," ("Naturrecht auf dem Grunde der Ethik," [Leipzig, S. Hirzel]), and there can be no doubt that it is the best German work of the kind that has for some time been published. But the sublime ethical view founded on an ideal of society and disdaining reference to your mere practical politics is edification for the English reader. Edification of edifications, however, in this way is a book of Writing Lessons,—elementary writing-lessons setting out with lines and pothooks, called "Der Schreibunterricht, etc.," " (Instruction in Writing), an Attempt to base the Method of this Object of Instruction on Psychology." From a long pre-

lude upon Herbert's Psychology we pass to the first psychological view of an empty copy-book. The work is not a large or costly treatise but a tractate of about a hundred pages, published at Schweidnitz; as a national psychological curiosity it is worth getting.

JOHN BRIGHT! JOHN BRIGHT!

In Birmingham town, when Scholefield sat down,

Arose on his legs a vociferous wight,
With vehement words to pitch into the lords,
And abolish the army, John Bright, John Bright.

Our expenses, quoth he, seventy millions will be,
And all through those Tories who want us to fight,
And the captains and colonels who write in the journals,
Creating a panic, quoth Bright, John Bright.

But really friend Nap is a peaceable chap;
Besides, he's our partner, and means to do right—
It's gazetted, you know, "France, England, and Co."
And Dick Cobden's their bagman, says Bright, John Bright.

These boys pleased with trifles are your Volunteer Rifles;
If they stuck to their shops 'twere a much better sight.
To use a yard measure should give them more pleasure
Than a dangerous gun, says John Bright, John Bright.

We peaceful civilians have to pay seventy millions
For the red-coated people whose trade is to fight,
And to keep up the Crown, which some day must go down—
Not while there's a rifle in England, John Bright!

—The Press.

From The Spectator.

THE DECADENCE OF ASIA.

It is just now the fashion to reckon the philosophy of history among the exact sciences. Scores of writers of all grades of intellect, from Mr. Hallam to Sir Archibald Alison, are ready to explain to us all the causes of events. Every thing has occurred because of some law which the victorious analysis of the nineteenth century has, for the first time, revealed. There are some large problems, nevertheless, which are not, perhaps, quite satisfactorily resolved. Can anybody tell us, for example, why one conquering race should suddenly cease to multiply, while another conquering race grows till it seems ready to populate the world? Yet French and British history will one day be slightly affected by the relative rate of increase. Or can any man explain why Europe in its internecine conflict with Asia, should always have won the game? Every cause assigned by the philosophy of history seems somehow or other to break down. Climate is no explanation, for the climate of Greece is the climate of Asia Minor, and the Greek was the victor there. Besides, the climate of Scotland produces in Tasmania an Australian aborigine, who is, except the Borneo, the nearest known approach to a chimpanzee. To talk of comparative courage, merely evades the question, which is *why* the European in the same climate should be braver than the Asiatic. The "circumstances of locality" sound like a reason, but what advantage in that respect had Greece which Egypt did not possess? Superior morality may be suggested; but the difference between the morals of Lucullus and the morals of Mithridates is not very appreciable. Is it number? Number has been on the Asiatic side. Intellect? All modern philosophy finds its root in the Sanscrit; all religion its key in Hebrew; all physical science its germ in Arabic. Discipline? Darius was the head of an army organized for centuries: the sepoys in yesterday's contest were trained veterans. Physical resources? What resource had the little province of Macedonia which the empires it subdued did not possess tenfold?

Yet there the fact remains. Asia for three thousand years has precipitated itself spasmodically on Europe, and, save in one instance, has invariably been beaten back. A

king of Persia, after conquering half Asia, wanted to punish Attica, a country which would have been lost in one of his own parks. He invaded it with an army, allowing for all exaggerations, greater than the whole population, and was not only defeated, but, as an imperial power destroyed. The king of a province equal to one Persian satrapy, and an army about as large as the personal guard of his rival, resolved to conquer Western Asia. Not only did he conquer it, but when he died, each of his generals, dividing that army, founded an historic dynasty, one of which, at least, endured for centuries. Rome before Tiberius can never have drawn recruits from ten millions of freemen, yet she not only conquered Western Asia, but so moulded it, that only one province ever rebelled, and her stamp remained impressed throughout her Asiatic dominion till the Arab invasion. Once, as we have said, the Asiatic remained master, but the races who swallowed Rome failed till centuries of forest life had made them European, and when they won they adopted creed and civilization from the conquered. Western Asia never recovered its conquest by Rome, till in 550 a new race once more risked her strength against Europe with the usual result. The Arabs, after conquering Asia, stopped the day they met a European army, and after centuries of conflict failed to keep a corner of Europe in which they had reared a successful organization. Once, and once only, did the European succumb. The whole strength of the continent proved insufficient to wrest Syria from the Saracens, but even there they were beaten rather by the climate than by man. Then followed an extraordinary interval, during which the very existence of Asia seemed blotted out of the European mind. Even its geography was forgotten. Countries as familiar to Rome as Sicily or Gaul, were described by Italians as if they had been portions of another planet. The great Asiatic invasion of Timour passed away without a permanent trace, and the Othmans were dreaded only as a European power. While Western Europe trembled at the name of Solymán, there was, probably, not a statesman alive who could run off with accuracy a list of Solymán's Asiatic provinces. That wave, the last from Asia, and only formidable because swelled by the renegade tribes of Southern

Europe, and an army filled almost exclusively with European slaves, as usual receded, having swallowed up but a single European state.

Then ensued a period during which the feeblest of European powers made itself feared in Asia, and at last, a century ago, the process, as old as history, began to recommence. Europe once more attended to Asiatic affairs, and once more the independence of the Asiatic empires faded away. An English trading company, with a regiment at its disposal, quarrelled with a satrap of the Great Mogul, and in twenty years England, against her own will, was sovereign over one-third of the Asiatic world. For a hundred years the restless aggression has never ceased, until at last Europe is admittedly supreme. No European State has ever fairly set before it the conquest of Asia. No European State, till 1857, ever despatched to Asia an army large enough to be appreciable in European politics. Yet from Scutari to Kamschatka, there is but one State in Asia in which the authoritative influence of Europe is not felt. Russia is sovereign of the entire north, from the Ural to the Sea of Okhotsk, from Bokhara to the Pole. Turkey exists because Europe is puzzled how to divide the Turkish inheritance. An English remonstrance sends the Shereef of Mecca into exile, and an English ship of war brings the only Arabian port into submission. The action of Persia is regulated from St. Petersburg. India belongs, even in theory, to a European state. The Birman empire is only maintained, because its profitable provinces are in our own hands. The king of Siam talks English, and releases Europeans from the operation of his laws. The ruler of Cochin-China cannot descend his own river for fear of capture by a French fleet. Malaya is a tributary province of a British bonding warehouse. The islands of the Archipelago are claimed by the Dutch, and ruled by princes whose idea of success or failure is confined to Dutch approval or remonstrance. Japan has given up an island to Russia, and all her principles of action to Great Britain. Finally, as if to indicate to the world that the term of the Asiatic empires had arrived, an army, just half as large as the emperor's guard, has invaded China, entered the capital, reduced the governing class to reason, and extorted terms from a

sovereign still absolute over a third of the human race. There is at this moment no country in Asia, save Thibet, where the European is not regarded as a superior; none, save Cochin-China, in which the officials do not hold their posts on the tenure of exempting him from insult. The political force of these monarchs had previously disappeared. Less than a century and a half ago, no European entered Asia save by permission of an Asiatic. Now, the order of the Sultan would not stop an English boat in the Red Sea, or a decree of the emperor of China impede a steamer on the Yang-tse-kiang. Less than a century since every Christian in Asia paid tribute for liberty to exist. There are now but three countries on the continent in which Christians have not a legal and independent status.

The change we have described is sufficiently vast, but it is only a portion of a mighty revolution. These vast Asiatic monarchies do not merely yield to an external pressure, they are all simultaneously rotting down. Only a century since they were to external appearance powerful states, possessed of an apparently firm organization, so far well governed as to permit the increase of an already vast population. To-day the sultan with difficulty holds together the shattered fragments of his empire. His army is destroyed, his finances dependent upon loans from Paris, his cities universally decaying. The only vitality left in India is that of Europeans; throughout that immense section of Asia no Asiatic can rise to a post higher than the judge of a county court. The king of Burmah lives on small monopolies of produce. The empire of Cochin China is too weak to drive 1,500 sickly Frenchmen from the gates of its capital. Russia takes slices from Tartary at her own convenience. The Chinese empire is one vast scene of anarchy and confusion, with cities as rich as European capitals sinking fast into decay. The British found Peking a mass of ruinous hovels, surrounding one huge palace the emperor was too powerless to defend. Japan is still apparently intact, but throughout the remainder of Asia there is but one scene of decline, and feebleness, and despair. Religious men may well doubt whether the progress of mankind exactly agrees with the theory of philosophers. Europe may be advancing, though the Roman slave worked

six hours a day, and the English freeman works twelve; but the European race is but a section of mankind. His Asiatic brethren, at least twice as numerous, will scarcely join in his pæans over the approaching reign of a Parisian Paradise on earth.

What is to be the end of this growth of European control? Hitherto Europe has only settled in Asia to be Asiaticized. The man of the South, who was the old instrument of conquest, and could live in the tropics, rather approved, on the whole, the Oriental tone of life. The Northern, who has taken his place, will neither assimilate nor reside. Still less will he depart. Civilization is armed at last, and all the resources of numbers, climate, and position do not avail to counterpoise the destructive power of science. Even were a new Atilla possible, what could he do against the Armstrong shell? Mr. Prinsep, in one of his able monographs, talks of some vast horde which has been organizing cavalry for years for an invasion of Hindostan. Suppose it all true, what is the force of any number of undisciplined cavalry against a couple of rocket batteries? The European conquest, so far as the human eye can see, is this time complete and final. No force we can imagine

developed in Asia can be efficient for more than massacre. No movement, however general, even if led by a new prophet and accompanied by a new creed, could avail to shake the European grasp. What could fanaticism do for the capture of a steamer? Yet nothing can be more certain than that the Asiatic, however capable of development, does not develop under European tutelage. The educated Hindoo, whatever his merits, has lost all his originality. Indeed, if our experience in Hindostan is to be the guide, the vital force of the Asiatic is extinct. For two entire years the people of Upper India were practically free. Every career was open, every dream was a possibility, every man enjoyed his full capability of development. All India, thus fairly brought to the test, did not produce one statesman, one organizer, one leader with more than the capacity of a bandit. The race which built the Taj placed its rulers in European huts; the race who organized the system of castes, placidly mimicked their conquerors' notions of civil order. The human race cannot, it is believed, lose its vitality, but of all the problems now presented to the thought of Europe, the future of Asia is the most disheartening.

APPLICATION OF SOLUBLE GLASS.—It is found that the richer soluble glass is in silica, the less fusible it is; and to attain the maximum of fusibility, it must contain both soda and potash. By pouring a concentrated solution of silicate of soda into alcohol, there is formed, by degrees, a mucous deposit insoluble in alcohol, which hardens after some days. This deposit is soluble in water. By triturating soluble glass with quick lime, the silicate rapidly hardens, forming silicate of lime and caustic soda. With oxide of zinc, soluble glass forms a viscous liquid, containing some silicate of zinc, which has already led to the idea of using soluble glass with oxide of zinc in painting. Combined with hydraulic lime, the silicate forms a good cement for fastening stones; united with flint spar and pounded glass, it becomes like porcelain or marble. Two parts of fluoride of calcium and one part of glass in impalpable powder, are made into a semi-fluid mass, with a solution of soluble glass; this is applied to the parts which are to be joined, and the pieces are then pressed together until the cement is dry.

STEAM NAVIGATION ON ENGLISH CANALS.

—It is rather singular that steam navigation on American canals should have been unsuccessful, as described on page thirty-nine of the present volume of the *Scientific American*, while in England it has become so successful as to reduce the cost of conveying freight no less than twenty-five per cent. The Grand Junction Canal Company, which formerly used to tow their boats with horses, have dispensed with animal power, and now use steam alone.

There are five thousand miles of canal in Great Britain, representing a capital of about \$200,000,000, and since the adoption of steam as the propelling agent, the traffic increased last year twenty-five thousand tons. The most peculiar feature in the steamboats which are now employed by the Grand Junction Company, plying between London and Birmingham or Manchester, is an improved form of screw propeller, called the "waggle tail," which has the advantage of keeping all the disturbance of the water immediately behind the stern of the boat, instead of spreading it right and left. The effect of this improvement is at once to secure the canal banks from being damaged by the wash, and to economize the motive power.

From The Spectator, 23 Feb.
THE NEW KINGDOM.

THE present generation scarcely need Mr. Kingsley's poetry to tell them that "the world is young." If boiling life and activity, incessant change and portentous incident, be the signs of youth, then was the world never younger than it is this day. All around us the fabric of the old world, the edifice we have come to regard as durable as nature, is visibly breaking up. The air is choked with the dust of the crumbling of rotten thrones, vivid with the light which heralds the birth of new nationalities. The electric telegraph can scarcely keep pace with the speed of accomplished facts. Events, each of which would once have illustrated a century, are crammed into a week. The existence of the Austrian empire probably depends on the resolves of the next few days. On the 4th of March Mr. Lincoln will be installed at Washington, and the great republic, to which men pointed as the ultimate hope of mankind, and which in a century has risen from a colony into a first-class power, will be finally rent asunder. On the 3d of March, a nation of serfs, more numerous than the population of any European state, will be solemnly pronounced free. And now, already on the 18th instant, a nation, for eight hundred years parcelled out among citizens and strangers, has resumed her place in the European family, and once more recommended her national life.

It is scarcely possible to write of an event such as this, without falling unconsciously into a tone of exaggeration. Men who, like Mr. Bright, consider the new birth of Italy a small event, overlook in their shallow philosophy all that human freedom may produce. The freedom of Italy means, among other things, the addition of twenty millions of brains to the intellectual reservoir of the world, and those brains Italian. It has been the function of the "party of order" all over Europe to decry the Italians, to assert that the only race among whom genius is endemic, is exhausted and effete. So long and continuous has been the cry, that it has imposed even on men who do not, like Mr. Cobden, hold the *Times* more valuable than Thucydides. Yet it would not be difficult to prove that Italy under all its degradation, has always asserted its right to a front rank in the war of thought. We need not speak of literature, of the poets whose words have become a European treasure, or even of the artists, for whose works states still jealously compete. The English middle class scarcely feel the value of Dante, and would probably pronounce Michael Angelo improper. But cotton-spinners may

surely allow that the Genoese whom Englishmen call Columbus was of some slight service to the world. Science alone may recognize the rank of Galileo, but a thought of Galvani is to-day paying dividends in the city. Is there a name in physics more honorable than that of Volta, in economy than Beccaria, or in learning than the last of the Della Scalas? Or is it that practical intellect has worn out, that, like the intellect of Greece, its absence only proves the utter degradation of the Greeks? Modern Europe honors many generals, and Lord Clyde and Marshal Pelissier, General Benedek and Col. Todtleben are doubtless practical soldiers. But the one Italian of pure blood who in these days has commanded a great army, mastered Europe in ten years. Soldiership is a practical faculty, but an abler than Napoleon, son of a pure Romagnese family, would be hard to seek. Revolution is practical work but the solitary successful leader of revolution has been an Italian. What argument is it by which we are to place Lamartine, or Kossuth, or Proudhon above Garibaldi? Statesmanship is practical, but where is the statesman in Europe who believes himself the superior of Cavour? When England is in despair for a statue, she commissions Baron Marochetti. When a French emperor would regenerate Paris, he calls on Visconti for a plan. Genius, we may be told, is universal and unfettered by race, and it is in the people alone that real strength is to be found. So be it. Which is the nobler, the French revolution or the Italian? Or, if we must introduce the question of race, which is the greater, the people who, unable to produce a statesman, are suffering a successful republic to shatter down, or the people who, in the face of hostile Europe, and in spite of every inducement to disunion, are welding the states of Italy into one harmonious whole? Compare Congress with the Parliament of Italy, Buchanan with Cavour, Governor Pickens with Ricasoli, General Floyd with La Marmora, and it is not the Anglo-Saxon which has reason to be proud of its "practical" capabilities. It is useless, however, to run over a bead-roll of names. With men who can forget that one and the same race built the Roman empire, the Catholic Church, and the kingdom of Italy, argument on national capabilities is but a waste of time.

The Italian Parliament met in a building strangely typical of the new kingdom. Hastily constructed, and altogether of wood, it still extorts the admiration of the spectator by its beauty and completeness of design. The scene must have presented to Italians a strange jumble of things old and new. The new Parliament thronged

into the bran-new building as representatives of provinces which bore the same names under the Roman empire, and cities whose history extends to the limit of human record. They assembled to organize a new monarchy under a king whose race was ruling during the brief revival of the empire of the West, and from that day to this has struggled for the position Victor Emmanuel has attained. The king's first speech, like all his public acts, was dignified and reserved. In a few words he indicated to Parliament its most pressing duties, to organize municipal government without impairing the unity of the State, and to aid the sovereign in strengthening the national armament. The absence of the French representative was deplored; but "France and Italy have riveted at Magenta and Solferino ties of amity which will be indissoluble." The good offices of England will be preserved "in imperishable remembrance;" and for the rest of the hostile world, for the princes intriguing for their thrones, for Austria still menacing Italian rebels, and Russia still refusing to acknowledge Italy, there is only a proud silence. The solitary allusion to Germany is a note of welcome to the new sovereign of Prussia. The king concludes by a simple appeal to the courage with which he has risked his crown, as the best argument for his honesty, when he urges patience and moderation. In the whole speech there is not a word of undue exultation, not a sentence implying vindictiveness against the clouds of enemies with whom the new monarchy has still to contend. No allusion is made to annexation, not even to the accession of the Two Sicilies. The king accepts Italy, "almost united," as a fact, and urges Parliament to advance, in words which an English sovereign might have employed. It is on this determined reticence, this grave, deliberate preference of strong action to high phrase, that Englishmen found their confidence in the political future of the State. When the people of the South are content with measures such as Victor Emmanuel recommends, and a Parliament such as that now assembled at Turin, there is little fear that their future will be sacrificed to a turbulent impatience of delay.

The first duty of the new Parliament will be the organization of a force adequate to the necessities of the time. The extent, and in some degree the character, of this force must be dependent on the weight of taxation to which the people are willing to submit. Fortunately, they have not been accustomed to cheap government. Italian statistics form the most complex of arith-

metical puzzles, but the population ought to be able to contribute at half the French rate, or £35,000,000 a year. With that revenue the king may keep on foot a standing army of 400,000 men, backed by a national rifle organization, and the largest park of artillery in Europe. With such a force Italy might treat for Venice on terms of equality, and reply to a French demand of more territory by the calm assertion that Italy is prepared to defend the unity she has secured. It is this which will be the testing-point of the capacity of Italians for self-government. They have demonstrated the possession of high military qualities, of the self-restraint which is the first essential of civil freedom. They have yet to prove that they will submit voluntarily to the searching taxation modern armaments so imperatively demand.

From The Saturday Review, 23 Feb.

FRANCE, ENGLAND, AND ITALY.

OF the power of the French emperor for good or evil there can, unfortunately, be no doubt; and there is probably now little conflict of opinion as to the general objects for which his power is wielded. But as to his intellect, there are two theories—the natural and the supernatural. It is agreed on all hands that his wisdom is not visible on the surface; the question is, whether it lies hid in the depths below, or whether things really are pretty much as they seem. We cannot imagine a more decisive argument in favor of the natural view than his conduct towards Italy, as it has been from the outset, and as it is now. Impulse succeeding to impulse, scheme supplanting scheme, intrigue crossing intrigue, reveal the habits of the adventurer and conspirator; but proof of farsighted sagacity or resolute purpose there is none. Clear away the cloud of dark and mysterious grandeur with which the imaginations of men invest every thing that has power to do them harm, and you see nothing but a small, tortuous intellect, called upon to grapple with great events, and not guided through their perplexities by the inspiration of an honest and generous heart. Mysterious reticences and oracular utterances keep the world in an awful suspense; but the laboring mountain on which all eyes are fixed at length brings forth a pamphlet by M. de la Guéronnière.

A fear and a necessity drove the French emperor to interfere in Italy. He feared the daggers of the revolutionary fraternity who, by a strange freak of fortune, found one of their members on a throne. He felt, as the chief of a military despotism will always feel, the devouring necessity of war.

He knew that, from the superiority of his troops, the chances of the game were in his favor, and he is a gambler who, to do him justice, does not throw the dice with a trembling hand. He had also moved armies on paper, and formed plans of battle, as of politics, diplomacy, and legislation, which were imitations of those of his uncle. The miraculous escape of Magenta, the bloody chaos of which he was a helpless spectator at Solferino, dispelled his delusion, and his mind turned wildly from the difficulties which surrounded him to a different scheme. He made overtures for peace to the emperor of Austria, and offered the restoration of Lombardy as the price of connivance on the Rhine. Safe out of his scrape and in the Tuileries again, he recovered heart, thought once more of the Orsinis and of his fame as a liberator, and passed the word to the Tuscans to break the Treaty of Villafranca. Then followed the natural consequences—the rising of Italy and the Dictatorship of Sardinia. Yet for these consequences, natural as they were, the sagacity of the emperor was not prepared. He saw, against all the traditions of French diplomacy, a powerful kingdom rising on the borders of France, and he knew neither how to suffer this result nor how to prevent it. He propounded a scheme for a federal Italy, with the pope at its head, which proved so immediately abortive that the world has forgotten that it was ever propounded. Since that time he has assumed an undecisive, ungenerous, half hostile attitude, condemning, thwarting, threatening, irritating, yet fearing to interpose; covering himself with odium and contempt by delaying the fall of Gaeta, yet allowing it to fall at last; countenancing the reactionary movement only to prolong confusion and waste blood, alienating the Italians by withdrawing his envoy from Turin, but not speaking the word that would have restrained Cavour. Is this policy inscrutably sagacious, or is it inscrutable alone? What should we, who think our diplomacy so blundering and inconsistent, have said to an English ministry which had thus converted into hatred the gratitude earned by a Magenta and Solferino?

What is the key to Louis Napoleon's present conduct in the matter of Rome? We are persuaded that it is mere perplexity—the perplexity of short-sighted selfishness, unable to make out which way its interest lies. On the one hand, he finds his position growing hourly more untenable. On the other hand, he cannot bear to withdraw the forces by which he still prevents the complete union of Italy, keeps the game open, and retains his hold on Italian affairs. He is pressed by the Liberal party and the English government

on one side; he is pressed by the Ultramontanists on the other; and the relative force of these influences varies from hour to hour. Now he bullies the pope, and now he cajoles him—sends fresh troops to the support of his temporal power, and dictates pamphlets against its continuance. "The spiritual authority of the pope," said Voltaire, "always a little mingled with temporal authority, is destroyed and detested in half Christendom; and if in the other half he is regarded as a father, he has children who sometimes resist him with reason and success. The maxim of France is to regard him as a sacred but enterprising personage, whose feet must be kissed, but whose hands must be sometimes tied." Such, no doubt, is the view which the eldest son of the Church at this moment takes of his duty towards his holy father. He does his best to observe the rule of diplomatic etiquette in both its parts. Whatever injury or humiliation he inflicts on the chief of Christendom is always preceded by the regulation kiss. The Byzantine rhetoric and the Byzantine adulation of M. de la Guéronnière's pamphlet have been sufficiently noticed. Its "modest churches," its "fertile plains watered by the Po," its reverent exposition of the providential dispensations of imperial goodness and wisdom, have received the due meed of literary and moral approbation. The unctuous hypocrisy which is its distinguishing feature has not been so clearly pointed out. The writer, while producing the handcuffs, kisses "with ardor" the consecrated feet. It is not quite so easy, however, to kiss the feet and tie the hands at the same time. Hypocrisy denotes fear and weakness; and this the eye of an Antonelli is quick to discern. While Louis Napoleon is pious, it is a sign that the priest party in France has power. While the priest party in France has power, the French troops will not be withdrawn. And till the French troops are withdrawn, Antonelli, like Francis II., will play his own game. When the support of France is gone, it will be time to give in an adhesion to the Italian nation. Nothing worse can come at last than a "spiritual" dominion in place of the patrimony, and a great ingathering of "souls" to Peter instead of pence.

England has certainly no reason to boast of any direct aid given to Italy. As a nation, she has spent no treasure and no blood. But we have the satisfaction of being assured by the chief of the Italian cause that the sympathy of a free people has not failed to afford support to those who were struggling to be free. That sympathy has been given in unbounded measure, and without misgiving or hesitation, so far as the cause of Italy was concerned. If England looked

on with divided feelings at Magenta and Solferino, it was because, not the cause of Italy alone, but that of the world also, was at issue in those fields, and if the interest of Italy was clear, that of the world was by no means so. There might be a doubt which of the two contending despotisms—that of France or that of Austria—was the worst in itself; there could be no doubt which was the most formidable, the most actively retrograde, the most aggressive, the most menacing to the liberties of the world. Whether Italy herself will have gained in the long run by the intervention of France, is even now a question, the solution of which must depend upon the further question whether the Austrian tyranny would or would not have been broken up, without the appliance of external force, by bankruptcy and other internal causes of dissolution. But it is only too clear that the interests of the world have suffered by the exaltation of the French military power, the elation of the French soldiery, the strength which victory has added to the military despotism, and the decisive preponderance given to the warlike over the pacific and commercial element in the French nation. The time is probably not remote when all free nations will have reason to rejoice that England has husbanded her resources for the supreme exigencies of European freedom.

From The Saturday Review, 23 Feb.
POINTS OF CONTRAST BETWEEN ENGLISH AND AMERICAN POLITICS.

THE suddenness, the unexpectedness, and the overwhelming importance of the events which are occurring in America have naturally tempted Englishmen to speculate on their course and probable issue, rather than on the effects which in their ultimate result they will assuredly produce on English society. The only point on which we have hitherto had time to concentrate our interest has been what will be the next stage in this amazing history. We have asked ourselves, in turn, whether South Carolina would really secede?—whether her example would be followed by any other Cotton State?—whether the Republican party would be cowed into offering any compromise?—whether any compromise could be invented which would preserve the border States to the Union? All these questions, except the last, have successively received the answer which, at first sight, seemed the least probable and was certainly the most unfortunate; and, even on the point which remains to be solved,—the possibility of keeping Virginia, Kentucky, and Tennessee from withdrawing,—the latest news seems to show that the

evil genius of the Federation is likely to have his way. Unless Mr. Lincoln, continuing the incredible policy of Mr. Buchanan, should allow a second nation to form itself peaceably in North America, we seem sufficiently near a great and bloody struggle to be excused for reflecting how far it involves consequences important to ourselves.

If we turn our attention to the influence of the American rupture on England, the first thought which suggests itself is, that the quarrel has a material bearing on the question of parliamentary reform. That there is so close a connection between the two topics is not the fault of reflecting politicians in this country. They, at all events, have always denied that, except within certain limits, American experience had any value for English legislators. The shallow demagogues of the Birmingham and other kindred platforms must bear the blame of the inference, drawn nearly universally at the present moment, that, if the United States become involved in hopeless difficulties, it would be madness to lower the qualification for the suffrage in England. The conclusion may not be warrantable, but whose fault is that? It is equally warrantable with the positions of the only advocates of a Reform Bill who have forced the English public to give them a hearing. If it be of importance to point out that the United States can do without an army, it is an equally cogent observation that the want of an army is exposing what was but yesterday one of the greatest governments on earth to contempt, contumely, and ruin. If the comparison of English with American taxation has the slightest bearing on English politics, so has the obvious truth that, for want of an adequate establishment, the Americans of the Northern States are likely to have to make more sacrifices, personal and fiscal, than Englishmen have submitted to since the two countries separated. If it be argued that something like universal suffrage ought to be adopted in England because law, order, and property are respected in America, it is answer enough that the very quarrel which distracts the Union takes the form of a complaint, on one side, that the rights of property have been lawlessly violated, and on the other, that a minority is outraging the first principle of constitutional government by refusing to give way to a majority. The replies are not ours, but they are conclusive as to the emptiness of the arguments, which are not ours either. We can separate the cause of England from that of America. We can show that the shipwreck of one set of institutions, even were it more complete than it is, would prove nothing as to the

fate of the other. We could, perhaps, even establish that the miscarriage of an extended franchise in the United States has but a restricted bearing on the extension of the franchise in England. But were we to make the attempt, we should probably convince nobody, for the simple reason that Mr. Bright has succeeded in persuading a great number of influential persons that the admission of working men into the constituencies is chiefly, if not solely, desirable on the ground that it has succeeded so admirably in America, and has proved a sovereign panacea against the war, taxation, and confusion which are the curses of old governments in Europe.

Even if the Americans should succeed in adjusting their differences, the rebuke to English agitators would be equally severe. Even if the gulf close, the fact remains that it once opened, and there is no more security for those who have seen an abyss at their feet. But should this unhappy quarrel come to bloodshed, its influence on England will be not simply moral or speculative, but direct, practical, and material. We cannot share in the confidence so freely expressed that the staple of English industry will remain long undisturbed by American convulsions. Knowing of what stock the Northern Americans come, it is hard to believe that they will resign half an empire without a struggle. What was India, for which three years since we made so mighty an effort, compared with those securities for national and material greatness which the men of the Northern States are threatened with losing? But, even if a Confederation of the Southern States succeed momentarily in forming itself (as it seems likely to do) through the utter bewilderment and perplexity of the North, nothing more would be gained, we are convinced, than a mere respite from battle. How can a Southern Union remain in peace with a country which will be one great receptacle of fugitive slaves? How can the North look on with indifference while the slave trade is revived and Mexico absorbed? In every event, the cotton on which so many of our millions depend for sustenance will be produced in smaller quantities or exported under greater difficulties. A short supply of cotton at Liverpool must be the consequence; and a scarcity of cotton is in this country not merely a commercial, but a political event. It implies low wages and slack work; and doubtless, with low wages and slack work will recommence the era of Mr. Bright's maleficent activity. It is a curious circumstance that the very occurrences on the other side of the Atlantic which have led almost all Englishmen who can think at all to

review their hasty acquiescence in the demand for an organic change, are likely to produce a clamor for organic change from those Englishmen who unhappily think but little. We presume that as soon as war begins to pinch the manufacturing operatives, Mr. Bright will make their sufferings the pretext for instructing them as to their wrongs. That the British aristocracy will be shown to have caused or aggravated the scarcity may be taken for granted. That the institutions of the United States will be proved to have had no share in producing it may be equally assumed. The exact turn which the arguments will take is matter of interesting speculation.

It is but too probable that we must be prepared for a period of considerable, perhaps of severe distress. When the causes of such a calamity are perfectly plain, and apparently beyond help, there is always a yearning among the suffering class for the remedies which lie furthest away from ordinary experience. The factory hands who cannot get work because the negroes in America do not hoe sufficient cotton will long for admission to the franchise, just as the victim of a cancer flies to a quack medicine. It is imperative, with such a prospect before us, that we should all review our reasons for advocating or opposing a Reform Bill. It is possible that the silence of the country which has disheartened Lord John Russell may not always continue, and that there may one day be reason enough for altering the Constitution, if clamor be a reason. It is time that politicians even of the most moderate patriotism left off the affectation of talking of themselves as mere straws in the popular wind, and making up their minds in good earnest whether the reconstruction of Parliament be a measure in itself and on its own grounds desirable.

From The Spectator, 23 Feb.

THE RUSSIAN REVOLUTION.

ON the 3d March, says the *Independence Belge*, the Emperor Alexander will decree the final emancipation of the serfs. The statement reads simple enough, but for ages no event has occurred so huge at once in its proportions and its consequences. The slavery of Russia differs materially from any form of that great curse hitherto known among men, from the slavery which dried up the vitality of the Roman world as much as from the slavery which is the disgrace of North America. It was a purely Asiatic institution, the logical complement of an Asiatic theory of society, and Russia, in renouncing it, renounces Asia, and enters Europe not merely as a power—the Sultanut

was once a power—but as a nation, with European objects, and a European capacity for limitless development.

The modern system of serfage commenced in 1599 with a decree of the usurper Boris Godunoff. As he was a usurper, philosophical historians suppose he intended to conciliate the noblesse, but there is not the slightest evidence of any such intention. At that time the agricultural classes were marked by a spirit of restlessness which seemed to Russian statesmen dangerous and unreasonable. Villages were always on the move. Every fifth or sixth year the commune, which is, so to speak, the integer of Russian society, would migrate to some new locality, disappear perhaps in a night, without warning or signal, to be heard of only after a march of a hundred miles. They retained, in fact, say Western philosophers, the nomadic instincts of their ancestry. Nothing of the sort. They disliked unnecessary work just as Western philosophers dislike it, and in a country where land is valueless it is easier to break up a virgin soil than to re-invigorate an old one. Exactly the same tendency at this moment puzzles British administrators in Burmah, and American politicians in the far South. The system, of course, is exceedingly unpleasant to any government advanced beyond the stage of Tartar Khans. It very nearly destroys the possibility of conscription, and completely paralyzes the fiscal authorities. It is, moreover, injurious to civilization. A race which contemplates migration as an ordinary incident of life will neither fence, nor drain, nor build, and has a trick of preferring stock breeding to cultivation. Influenced by all these motives, the councillors of Boris Godunoff resolved to prevent locomotion, and in a rough arbitrary way alone intelligible to Asiatics, they passed a Law of Settlement. In less civilized phrase, they bound the peasant to the soil, thus changing at once freemen into "ryots." As the soil, in *their* theory, belonged to the boyars, they ordered the peasant to pay three days' labor in the week for the privilege of working on the other three; and it is in the continued effort to realize this rental that the root of modern serfage must be sought. Gradually the class who held, though they did not own, the land, and who could directly influence the throne, drew all privileges to themselves. The right of selecting conscripts gave them one weapon, the right of enforcing obedience to orders necessary for cultivation, another; but to this hour the power of the Russian slaveholder is based rather on encroachment hardened into right than on any positive law. The throne neither felt nor pretended any

interest in oppressing the peasant for the sake of the proprietor. It was the strain to protect the land rental which vested the landowner in Russia, as in Bengal it vests the Zemindar, with such tremendous power. The law, for example, intends that every man who shares the produce of certain land shall pay his share of rent in service and obedience. But there is no law enabling the proprietor who permits his serf to emigrate to follow him with a personal tax. All he can legally do, is to summon him back to the estate, though, as the summons implies to the serf of the cities utter ruin, it is amply sufficient to ensure obedience. In practice, partly through the operation of the law, partly through long-continued custom, and chiefly through the steady bias of all officials towards the proprietor and against the serf, the landowner has become absolute over individuals. He can order any man to be beaten, without limit as to the number of blows; he can, when hard pressed, evade the law prohibiting sale by letting the serf for ninety years; he can make life unendurable by petty exactions and incessant work, by insults it is impossible to resent, and demands it is difficult to evade. The actual conduct of the class is differently represented by different observers, but the evidence is heavy against the landowners. Most, if not all, of the favorable accounts have been written by foreigners. Russian writers usually admit that the system is oppressive, and the literature of the populace teems with stories of the grotesque and usually filthy tyranny of the noblesse. *Uncle Tom's Cabin* was circulated in Russia with a speed which in such a country could be produced only by the sympathy arising from similarity of condition. Above all, it is a certainty that the Russian peasant detested his position, that local insurrections were incessant, and that only hope—the hope now justified by the emperor—prevented them from becoming universal. Russian slavery in its best form destroys individual interest, and therefore general progress, renders a true middle class impossible, and poisons the national mind with discontent. In its worst forms it is better than negro slavery only in the absence of race hatred, and in the peculiarities we may now describe.

While the master is thus absolute over the individual, he is powerless as against the community, or against a general right. No proprietor in Russia claims a *right* to sell children, or separate husband and wife, or breed slaves for sale. He may perform isolated acts of tyranny, tending to those results, but he performs them in the face of the law and public opinion, and not with their support. As to communities, he is

powerless both in theory and practice. The Russian, like every other Asiatic, considers that the land belongs to him and his commune. He may be compelled to pay rent, or give service, but his right is wholly unimpaired. Like other Asiatics, too, he will fight for this single right with the most utter indifference to consequences. The same man who will bear insult and blows and taxation without a murmur, is a freeman the instant his land is menaced. A real assault on his village rights produces an insurrection as certainly as a cloud produces rain. His land has, therefore, been respected, and it is this remnant of citizenship, this last relic of property right, which has saved him from degradation, and which now forms the difficulty of emancipation.

The House of Romanoff, though the largest serf-holder in the empire, has almost from its accession been hostile to Russian serfage. There is no need to account for the fact by supposing the czars either enlightened beyond all other Russians, or moved by any very recondit policy. Absolute monarchs usually dislike the classes which can resist them, and the nobles have been the resisting force of Russia. Absolute monarchs, on the other hand, are apt to regard all their subjects as equal, to care as much for the peasantry as the middle class. The Cæsar alone among Romans tried to alleviate slavery. Oriental kings in their fits of good government always hang a few satraps, and secure a decent tenure for the cultivators. The Russian house, moreover, has thirsted for generations for a high place in Europe, has keenly felt the loss of position involved in ruling over serfs. Indeed, this latter feeling may have been the strongest of all, for Nicholas, the only czar who ever attained a commanding position in Europe, was also the only one who never attempted any thing for the serfs. Other emperors have not done much, but they have done enough to indicate their tendencies, and make themselves recognized as the sole protectors of the peasantry. This feeling has been their strength, and when on his accession to the throne the emperor distinctly pledged himself to emancipation, it was his security. Within a fortnight of the issue of the first decree, ordering inquiry, it was known throughout the remotest villages of Russia. A glad and overpowering emotion ran through the land, and in an instant the power of the nobles as a corporation was destroyed. They might remonstrate, or even delay, but their power of resistance had disappeared. One wave of the emperor's finger, and the class would have been swept away. The old "constitutional check" in Russia, the right of assassination, was at an end.

The ablest nobles admitted that the death of the czar, even from natural causes, would be the signal for the universal massacre of the Order. They protested and implored, and suggested impossible compromises, but even in Moscow no dream of resistance was ever entertained. The peasantry, with that strange self-control which is the first characteristic of Asiatics, waited in patience for the emperor's will. It has been uttered at last, and from the 3d March every Russian in the empire will be free. He may have rent to pay, though we doubt it; he may have a compensation fund to make up, though we disbelieve it; but he will be free of the stick, free of labor for another's advantage, free above all to remove himself to the cities, and there reap the advantage of his almost Parisian shiftiness and address.

It is not, perhaps, necessary to examine very carefully the consequences of this great deed. There are occasions in the history of nations, as in the lives of individuals, when the act to be done is too vast for human foresight, when the single advice worth hearing is to do right, and leave the consequences to the God you have obeyed. But there are one or two results which, unless all history is valueless, may safely be predicted from the revolution.

The first is an increase in the political strength of Russia. The House of Romanoff, with all its despotic principles, has been for ages in fair accord with its people. The masses, while distrusting the "Tchin," and detesting the aristocracy, have been steadfastly loyal to the throne. A mob obeys the direct order of the czar as submissively as his soldiery. "God and the czar" is the cry of the Russian peasant, and he does not always distinguish accurately between the two Beneficences. If this has been his habitual feeling, what will it be when the emperor has conceded the freedom his nobles would have withheld? Henceforward, the man who menaces the dynasty will be regarded in Russia as he would be in England—as a dangerous, but still contemptible fool. That result alone strengthens the czars almost inconceivably. Add to this that serfage is the first cause of the poverty of the Russian fisc, that its abolition renders direct taxation on the masses possible, and must increase the customs receipts indefinitely, that half the abuses of the army have their root in serfage, and, finally, that the moral weight of Russia is crippled by her adherence to slavery, and we may gain some idea of the advantages which will repay the reigning house for the enormous sacrifice they have made.

The second result is, we imagine, the temporary extinction of the Russian aristocracy.

That body numbers some 100,000 slaveholders, whose properties are thus distributed:—

1,424	possess more than 1,000	peasants
2,273	"	500 "
16,740	"	100 "
30,417	"	20 "
58,457	" less than	20 "

There is talk of pecuniary compensation, and the emancipation will, doubtless, be accompanied by a decree authorizing the collection of rent: but both palliatives must, we conceive, break down. The fee-simple of an empire is not purchasable with money, and the loan Russia has raised will not fairly compensate for the *obrok* alone. As to the right to rent it would be invaluable if it could be enforced; but the means of enforcing it are not clear. The Russian peasant will certainly not become a tenant at will. The attempt to consider him such would end in a catastrophe to which the Indian Mutiny would be a trifle. Yet, if not a tenant at will, how is the peasant to be made to pay? He has no idea of doing it voluntarily. The land is *his*, and popular landlords have been promised by their serfs that their homesteads should be left them, as a friendly concession. The idea of employing force has no just place here. The army is composed of peasants, and if it were not, the army is powerless against united Russia—united, too, on the one point the people hold dearer than their lives. The wild lands the nobles may retain, but there will be no laborers to cultivate them. Some families, like the Demidoffs and Sheremetioffs, who own provinces and cities, whose factories will pay under free labor, and whose mines will be productive under any system of working, may survive the shock, and hereafter grow wealthier than before. But the mass of the aristocracy, the men with less than a thousand peasants, must go down, and be replaced by the moneyed class already rising in the scale. They can be spared. They have added nothing to European society beyond a somewhat bizarre magnificence, and in Russia their absence will be felt only in a sense of relief from a dead weight on human energy. On the whole, we believe the decree of emancipation will add, at once, forty millions to the list of European freemen, without a single serious disadvantage. What it may effect in the future, is a theme rather for the poet than the journalist. In Russia alone, of European countries, is there room for the development of new forms of life and social habit. The Russian is the only race in Europe which carries communist ideas into effect, the only one in which thorough and

startling originality has been found compatible with an adamantine social order.

From The Spectator, 23 Feb.

BRENNUS DE ROMA.

THE daily press has, we think, erred in attributing so slight an importance to the last imperial brochure. M. de la Guéronnière, it is true, tells us less than in the pamphlet which preceded the Italian war, and has lost the interest which must always attach to the words of a French ruler when threatening war. But the publication of *La France, Rome, et l'Italie* is none the less an event. Carefully studied, it breathes in every line that independence of the Church which the Revolution has always asserted, and the Empire seems hitherto to have forgotten. But one spirit pervades its remarks, whether upon the pope, or upon the "parti prêtre," and that is one of utter, irrepressible scorn. A Protestant would scarcely venture to ridicule the pope in the style employed by M. de la Guéronnière, when describing the advent of Lamoricière at Rome. "And when one thinks," he says, "that these ridiculous scenes" (the receptions granted by the pope to French provincial deputations to protest against the court) "occurred in some sort under the protection of the French army, one may estimate the moderation of the emperor. This parody of Coblenz, these puerile imitations of the times of Gregory the Seventh, this strange distinction between Frenchman and Bretons, this homage offered to the pope, not as the chief of the Church, but as a sovereign, did not deserve that the emperor should lose that calm which he found in his strength and in his right; but if he saw in it no danger, he found in it none the less an irrefragable proof of the feelings which impelled Rome against France and the sovereign of her choice." And M. About might be proud of the subtle scorn alike of priests and legitimists which underlies this masterly paragraph. "The emperor has always recommended to the pope the creation of a national army as the proof of re-established order and the pledge of future security. The Roman government, which had remained deaf to that advice, tried to form an army without either nationality or unity. The attempt was made with an éclat which sought to recall the great religious manifestations of another epoch, and that nothing might be wanting to the *mise en scène*, they placed at the head of this crusade a general whom France had not seen under her eagles in the heroic struggles of Italy and the Crimea. Let us say it freely: when a Roman prelate,

notorious for his personal antipathy to the French policy, sought the recesses of Anjou, to appeal to the courage and devotion of M. de Lamoricière, he selected less the hero of Constantine than the politician at variance with the government of his country. The emperor, occupied with higher thoughts, did not oppose the choice, although an indiscreet speech had already betrayed the hopes attached to the name of the papal commander-in-chief. . . . The general himself, on his return to France after that campaign of a day, marked its true character by declining the offer of a sword of honor." The emperor of the French, roundly condemning the papacy, actually quizzes the *parti prêtre*. Able rulers do not satirize those whom they fear, and the fact that Louis Napoleon can laugh at priestly antics, indicates a total change in the position of his dynasty. It rests no longer on the support of the clergy, who, he says, "marched at the head of their flocks to vote for his election," and in that change, far better than in any solemn assurance, men may perceive the future of the papacy. When the *parti prêtre* is called by the emperor himself, the party which "desires to make God the accomplice of its designs," when the curés are warned to beware of "men who, without titles or rights, arrogate to themselves a dictatorial control," and the pope himself is told to "submit in his temporal capacity to the ordinary conditions of human power," the policy of Louis Napoleon is not difficult to divine.

And it must be remembered his policy alone controls the situation, and arrests the extension of Italian unity to Rome. This pamphlet reveals, for the first time, that the Catholic powers have formally abandoned the papal cause. The Count de Rechberg assented to proposals which left to the papacy only the patrimony of St. Peter. The minister of Naples concurred in the same arrangement. The Spanish secretary for foreign affairs "declined to deny the obstinacy of the holy father," and thought the proposal the only one calculated to arrest the destruction of the temporal power. And the Portuguese minister of foreign affairs coolly remarked that, as the pope refused all concession, "there was nothing to be done but leave him to his fate." The remaining powers are Protestant or Greek; one of them ardently contending for the unity of Italy, another "not indisposed to see Italy a power." With France contemptuous, Italy hostile, and the ultramontane world quiescent, the temporal power is, at least, trembling to its fall. In what way the last stroke is to be given, whether the French army will be suddenly withdrawn from Rome, or whether, as the *Allgemeine Zeitung* affirms,

it will be simply replaced by Sardinian troops, and the papal dominion terminated by the mere absence of force to execute its decrees, may be hard to predict. But the following sentence of the pamphlet is too precisely identical with that by which M. de Mantucci recently defined the policy of Cavour for the coincidence to be accidental.

"But if Italy is free she is not organized, and the obstacle to her organization is Rome. It is as difficult to conceive of Italy without the pope, as of the pope without Italy. They are bound together by history, by tradition, by the universal respect of all Catholic nations towards the chief of the Church. When the emperor entered on his contest with Austria, he designed to re-establish that precious bond. On the day on which that grand thought shall be accomplished, we shall see the papacy regain in modern society an authority as high as its origin and its mission. We shall see Italy add to the weight of its independence the moral strength of a position altogether unique, as the home of the spiritual sovereignty whose empire extends to the confines of the world."

The Roman question, we submit, draws near to its solution.

From The Economist, 23 Feb.

ASPECT OF FOREIGN AFFAIRS.

It cannot be a pleasant thing to be foreign minister of a nation on whose dominion the sun never sets, whose ships swarm on every sea, and whose merchants have factories on every shore. Day by day he is called upon to consider not only the great and stirring questions of European policy, such as Italian Unity, or Syrian Massacres, which interest every heart, but plaguing bagatelles about Mexican Bondholders or Mozambique Consuls, which interest no one but the parties personally concerned. And he must consider even the smallest and duller of these matters cautiously and fully, since future wars and catastrophes, which will agitate the world and cost us millions, may easily grow out of disputes which now seem trivial even below contempt; and a cloud no bigger than a man's hand, if neglected or mismanaged, may in a few years swell into the cause of tempests and of earthquakes. At a moment when he would fain devote his continuous and undivided attention to the perplexing complications which America, Hungary, and Venetia are preparing for us, he is bothered out of his life by being suddenly called off, to watch the French in Cochin China, or the Russians in Servia, or the Germans in Schleswig-Holstein; or Juarez at Vera Cruz, or M. de Lesseps at the Suez Canal. All this must be exceed-

ingly annoying, even to so highly placed and highly paid a functionary: if the same obligations in their fullest extent were entailed upon unhappy journalists, life would become an unendurable burden. Fortunately, however, less is required of us; and the public is satisfied and considers itself honestly served, if we take cognizance only of those more prominent and important foreign questions, which the people as a whole wish to follow and to understand.

In Europe, since we last called attention to the subject, affairs have been advancing towards an inevitable issue, but so slowly and so obscurely that we can only just register the progress without being able in the least to predict when or by what precise road that issue will be reached. In reference to the Italian question three events have to be noted. The first Italian Parliament has met at Turin, and has been opened by Victor Emmanuel in a temperate, but not very explicit or informing, speech. The essential point, however, is that Count Cavour has secured a large majority at the elections: it is obvious that the great mass of the Italian people are well inclined to place confidence and power in the hands of the statesman to whose ability, judgment, and patriotism they mainly owe their present proud position, and to trust him with the completion of the work he has so splendidly conducted hitherto. Gaeta, too, has at length fallen; King Bomba is an exile, dethroned, wealthy, unpitied, but scarcely yet quite innocuous; for he has gone to Rome, a most convenient place from which to direct reactionary plots; and though we do not know the conditions of his surrender, we know enough of the man to be certain that, if they are stringent and disadvantageous, he will not observe them an hour longer than he must. We do not learn that the surrender of Messina was included in the capitulation, but there can be now no excuse for prolonging its anomalous position. The dethroned monarch can scarcely intend to put Victor Emmanuel to the cost and trouble of another lengthened siege; and even were he disposed to do so, the garrison would scarcely deem it worth their while to encounter suffering and death to no purpose, on behalf of a monarch who has no longer any right to command them or any power to reward them. The third event is the issue of another pamphlet-oracle from the Delphi of the Tuileries, propounding, or professing to propound, the emperor's policy with reference to Rome. The utterance is, as usual, perplexing and obscure: its meaning, however, appears to be that the pope must remain at Rome, but that he must remain on terms which will prevent him from being a perma-

nent obstacle to the completion of Italian unity. The emperor will not suffer him to be forcibly driven away, nor yet to be a hindrance to the developments rendered necessary by "the inexorable logic of facts." As to *how* this combination of objects is to be achieved, the oracle is silent. Perhaps Louis Napoleon has adopted the suggestion of the *Edinburgh Review*—that Florence shall be the capital of Italy and the seat of the temporal government; and that Rome shall be simply the Holy City, graced by the residence of the spiritual potentate. Or, perhaps, he does not see his way to a feasible solution more clearly than the rest of us, but is determined to protect the person of the pope from outrage, and trusts to time and accident for offering some way out of the dilemma. Certainly the whole tone of the document is as unfavorable to the pope's temporal sovereignty as it is friendly to the pope himself.

The dispute between Austria and Hungary has reached another phase. The Hungarians, whatever may be the differences of opinion among themselves, maintain one resolute and unchanging attitude towards Vienna. They stand upon their old Constitution, because it was legal and ancient, though admittedly imperfect. They will pay no taxes but such as are voted by the Diet; and they will elect their Diet by no forms except those prescribed by the electoral law of 1848. The emperor is willing to concede every thing which will leave him master of the financial and military resources of Hungary, for without these he cannot face Italy or coerce Venice; but he will not go a step further, since to do so would be to sacrifice the ends to the means. The Hungarians, knowing his object as plainly as he knows it himself, are resolved that neither their revenue nor their soldiers shall be employed against Italy, and are convinced also that, unless they retain the constitutional command of these essentials, all other concessions will be evaded or revoked. The consequence is that the attitude of the emperor towards Hungary has within the last three weeks become decidedly more obstinate and hostile. Finding that he cannot gain by conciliation the point for which alone he was willing to conciliate, he seems preparing again to be stiff and reactionary. Meanwhile there appears to be great restlessness, to say the least, in Servia, Montenegro, and the Principalities; and Russia, on the very eve of a vast internal change, the emancipation of twenty millions of serfs, is said to be moving troops with a view to intervention, unless France and England shall forbid the step. Prussia and Denmark also are at issue about the duchies; and altogether there

are several causes of war extant and in operation which it would be very easy to fan into a flame, and which it will be very difficult, we fear, to reduce to perfect harmlessness.

The position of affairs in America is alluded to in another part of our paper. Certain difficulties have arisen with reference to the want of customs officers qualified to give clearances to ships which shall be recognized as valid by both the contending parties; and the attorney-general of the Union, when applied to by the foreign ministers at Washington, has been most feeble and unsatisfactory in his reply. Shippers and merchants, however, are ingenious and usually successful in surmounting embarrassments of this sort. A more serious impediment to a large and lucrative commerce with America this year seems likely to arise from the confused state of the interior. Commerce hates disturbances and shrinks from *prospective* engagements with chaotic countries; and till some settlement is effected, we must expect that dealers will exhaust their stocks rather than send out fresh orders. Cotton, however, will continue to come forward for the two simple and omnipotent reasons, that Europe *must* have it, and that America *must* have the money which it brings. The tone of commercial advices, however, is decidedly uncomfortable.

From The Economist, 23 Feb.

"MANIFEST DESTINY" OF CANADA.

THE discussions in the Northern States of the American Union, while they seem to show every day more clearly the hopelessness of any reconciliation between North and South, have brought prominently forward one political issue on which it seems not unlikely that the Democratic and Republican parties will combine. "Manifest Destiny," who has hitherto turned her eyes southward, now wheels round and gazes in the opposite direction; and as she looks the boundary line of the Ashburton Treaty disappears from the map. The annexation of Canada is spoken of in the Democratic organs of the North as the only proper equivalent for the loss of political importance caused by the Southern secession. "The territory which the Canadians hold," says the *New York Herald*, "is about three hundred and fifty thousand square miles. It would, therefore, make thirteen Sovereign States, averaging in area thirteen States of the Northern Confederacy. Such a prize is not to be lost. . . . Now that the Confederacy is to be shorn of more than half its strength in territory, and more than a third of its population, it is necessary to repair the loss, else we would sink to a third or fourth-rate power. By peaceable means or

force, therefore, Canada must be annexed."

Now the policy of swelling the free States by the accession of the Canadas and British Columbia was expressly foreshadowed by Mr. Seward last autumn in his great presidential canvass, and now that the Republicans are on the look-out for some means of healing the breach with their Democratic opponents, it is not probable that the Republican leaders will in any way discountenance the agitation for "redressing the disturbed balance of power" in this way. Even the Democratic organs admit that the Southern Confederacy "aspires to the early absorption of Mexico, Central America, and the island of Cuba." The more clearly they see in the secession movement a premeditated scheme for carrying Southern empire down to the Isthmus and for absorbing the West India Islands, the more anxiously do the States of the Northern Confederation scan the area within which alone they can hope to expand. The annexation of the Canadas will be a question of daily increasing interest in the Northern States, as the power of the South is consolidated. The Democrats, with that passion for dominion which has never in any era of the world's history taken so unscrupulous or impudent a form, will identify themselves with the step. The Republicans, though far more scrupulous and modest in their party-aims, yet as in some sense the authors of the disruption which has so clipped the power of the Union, and as having themselves first pointed to this equivalent for the growing power of the South, can scarcely help lending their influence, more or less, to this movement. The sooner, therefore we consider the attitude that England ought deliberately to assume, the more consistent and dignified our policy will be.

It seems to us clear that we should take our stand on the policy indicated long ago by Lord Derby (then Lord Stanley) and Sir Robert Peel, that if the people of the Canadas universally wish to throw off the yoke of England and annex themselves to the United States, no obstacle will be interposed on the part of Great Britain. To us Canada is, from a military point of view, expensive; and to defend for her so long a frontier line is no little responsibility in case of war with the United States. And even if this were not so, to keep down a vast and populous dependency, anxious to revolt, on the other side of the Atlantic, is a policy, on which we are not likely to embark twice. Moreover, we sincerely believe that this is the policy which is most likely to retain for England the affection of the Canadas. The political jealousy of any thing like interference in all independent dependencies, if we may be excused the expression, is naturally

very great. And the least symptom of any wish on the part of England to coerce the political movements of Canada would immediately engender a feeling of disloyalty, however loyal the previous temper of the population.

And if we refrain from any thing like menace or coercion in the matter, contenting ourselves with simply defending Canada against any aggressive movement of the American States, we do not think the people of that country will be disposed to listen to the voice of the Democratic charmers, "charm they ever so wisely." It is true that with the obliteration of slavery from the institutions of the Northern Confederation, by far the greatest obstacle to the Union will have been removed. But though the institution of slavery would have kept an impassable barrier between the people of the American Union and of the British dependency,—there are other, not indeed so great, but very serious objections to an amalgamation, which we do not think the Canadians will be disposed to surmount if they feel absolutely free to act exactly as they please. If, as our New York contemporary tells us, the Canadians have long been "panting for more freedom than they can enjoy under British rule," we do not think it very likely that they will look to find it in the American Union. The protectionist policy which the Northern States

are now so madly adopting is unfortunately not likely to deter Canada, as her own Legislature has embarked in the same course. But the result of the union with the United States would be the partition of Canada into a number of "Sovereign" States, as they are called, each with the complete direction of its own policy in all matters except those of which the Federal authority in Washington takes account. Lower Canada would be permitted to be as intolerantly Roman Catholic as it chose, Upper Canada as intolerantly Orange. The result of this removal of the tempering influence of a central government empowered to deal with all subjects of public importance would soon be felt in a fatal localization of petty tyrannies. The truth is, that the partition of powers between Federal and State authorities does not work well for the interests of true freedom. The State appears to be much too *small* a unit for the good use of sovereign power. The petty tendencies of place and prejudice exercise too large an influence. The Federal Union ought to exercise many of the powers which the State really possesses. And this the Canadians can scarcely help seeing. They will not envy the States of America that so-called liberty which consists in enthroning the popular opinion of a very confined district, and investing it with sovereign power over all the most important departments of human life.

THE STATES OF THE BORDER.

Air.—"All the Blue Bonnets are over the Border."

HASTE, haste! Men of the Union, all,

Willing to save us from wrath and disorder!

Haste, haste! Fail not to meet the call

Made on the true by the States of the Border.

Broadly, still, overhead,

Star-spangled banners spread,

Dimmed in their radiance, but not in their story!

Hasten, oh! hasten then,

Called by the Border men,

Sons of the free, to restore them their glory.

Come from the hills of the swift Susquehanna,

Come from the cities that stand by the sea;

Come from each mountain and glen and savannah,

Hallowed of old, by the flag of the free.

Turmoil is round us—

Evils confound us—

True men alone can restore us to order;

Come, then, oh, come, then,

Fearless and gallant men,

Come when convened by the States of the Border.

Come, Indiana, Missouri, Rhode Island,

Come, Tennessee, Arkansas, Illinois,

Come, Jersey, Ohio, come lowland and highland,

New York, and Kentucky, let none remain cov.

Leave party behind us,

Its instincts but blind us,

Platforms must yield, if it's needed, to save us.

Are we not brothers?

Then, by our mothers,

Swear to preserve what our forefathers gave us.

Come, with no purpose of force or coercion;

Come, but as freemen should come to the free;

Come with affection, and not with aversion,

Come, not for contest, but come to agree,

Then, as the sunbeams

Chase from the summer streams

Fogs of the morning, with sickness their story,

So shall be lightened,

Made broader and brightened,

The star-spangled banner, in all its old glory.

Hasten then, hasten then—men of the Union all.

Palm tree, or pine tree, what matters the sign?

Thousands on thousands will tearfully greet you all,

Praying, for each, inspiration divine,

You but agreeing—

Anarchy fleeing,

End shall be put unto wrath and disorder;

And, to the latest days,

Loudly shall millions praise

Those who convened at the call of the Border.

—Baltimore American.

From Chambers's Journal.

SCIENCE AND ARTS FOR JANUARY.

THE year opens with renewed conviction to many minds, that the accomplishment of many good works, though long desired, still remains to be striven after by philosophers and savants. The lamentable loss of life by the fearful colliery explosion at Risca, and at Hetton, indicates very emphatically what one of the first of these much-desired good works should be—the discovery or application of a method by which mining operations may be carried on free from the terrible risk to which miners are now subject. We cannot believe that Science has come to the end of her skill in this matter: Mr. Gassiot's experiments, shown before the Royal Society, demonstrate that a brilliant electric light is producible within a glass globe or cylinder from which the surrounding atmosphere is perfectly excluded. May not this fact be accepted as proof that some safe application of the electric light is possible, even in the most dangerous workings? Moreover, something was said a few years ago about a means for burning the choke-damp as fast as it accumulated, whereby explosions would become impossible. Has this notion ever been put into practice? Let us hope that 1861 will not pass away without the removal of what may be regarded as a reproach on our national character: the oft-recurring sacrifice of human life in the pursuits of industry.

We want pure gas to burn in our houses; we want the purest of drinking water; we want a way to save the thousands of tons of good fuel which are now smoked off to waste in the air; we want a simple and effectual method of ventilation applicable to all sorts of buildings; we want a sure way of passing signals to the guard of a railway-train while in motion, whereby passengers may give timely warning of fire, breakage of wheels, and the like; we want improved means of vehicular locomotion in streets which shall entirely prevent the numerous fatal accidents which now occur every year in London and other large towns of busy traffic. Is it not an opprobrium to our civilization to be able to cross a street only with risk of life? We want wider applications of the electric telegraph in large towns, as well as to all parts of the realm, for social as well as commercial purposes. The District Telegraph, wherever available in London, is

found to be singularly useful. A friend of ours who left his home in Islington one morning with anticipation of a supper-party in the evening, discovering at 4 P.M. that his expected guests would not be able to appear, immediately flashed the information to his wife, and thus, by a payment of fourpence, saved materfamilias from useless trouble. We could fill a column with desiderata; but if 1861 should accomplish those we have pointed out in addition to its promised Great Exhibition, and the realization of the superb scheme of what is now the Royal Horticultural Society, it will be a year exceedingly memorable.

So far as gas is concerned, there is prospect of relief from those impurities which at present render the brilliant light so prejudicial in a dwelling-house. A paper by the Rev. W. R. Bowditch, read before the Royal Society, describes a series of experiments undertaken for the discovery of a method of purification, and the results. Heated clay appears to be a valuable purifier, as it removes many injurious products from the gas; but the greatest success is obtained by lime at about a temperature of 108 degrees, as it completely neutralizes the bisulphide of carbon which, with another sulphurous product, are felt so oppressively in the atmosphere of a room where gas has been burning a few hours. Seeing that, generally speaking, two hundred grains of sulphur are given off by every thousand feet of gas consumed, the oppressiveness complained of is not to be wondered at, nor that gilding and the binding of books are spoiled. No means were known by which this sulphur could be got rid of, and even the ablest chemists regarded it as an inevitable evil. But Mr. Bowditch, to whom gas-makers are indebted for the introduction of clay as a purifier, animated by his success, made further experiments, and found, as above stated, the desired means of purification in lime, and without any loss of light-giving constituents from the gas. When once his process shall have come into general use, some of the objections now made to the lighting of picture-galleries, museums, and libraries by gas will no longer apply. We assist the more willing in making this subject known, as it is one of much importance from the domestic as well as the commercial point of view. Some readers will perhaps take interest in the fact,

that the clay used in the purifying is afterwards valuable as a fertilizer.

A happy result of the attempt made to familiarize sea-side folk with a scientific instrument deserves notice. The fishermen of Cullercoats, one of the villages where a barometer was set up at the cost of the Duke of Northumberland, observing a fall of the mercury during their preparations for sea, put off their departure, and thus saved themselves from a gale, which came on a few hours later.—An apparatus has been invented for pumping a leaky ship: a two-bladed screw, placed in the water behind the stern, turns a rod and crank shaft, which keep the pump working; and the faster the vessel sails, the more water will be pumped out, and without fatigue to the crew.—An American inventor now builds boats by machinery, and turns out a cutter thirty-six feet long, in ten hours; a task that, by the usual method, takes eight days.—And now the much-talked-of iron frigate *Warrior* is fairly launched, the largest ship in the world except the *Great Eastern*; and by and by we shall know whether a vessel cased in ponderous armor is, like the iron-clad knights of the olden time, too heavy to be useful.

Mr. David Forbes, brother of the late Professor Edward Forbes, has read a paper before the Geological Society, giving the results of his geological explorations of Bolivia and Southern Peru, where he has spent some years, and met with much adventure. Examination of the Peruvian coast leads him to the conclusion, that it has undergone no elevation since the Spanish Conquest, although along the neighboring coast of Chili a remarkable upheaval has taken place. The saline formations extend over five hundred and fifty miles of the rainless region, and contain prodigious quantities of nitrate of soda—a valuable article in commerce, besides considerable deposits of borate of lime. Among the fossils brought home by Mr. Forbes are certain Silurian species, which were collected on the mountains at great heights above the sea; and geologists are much interested in the fact, that perhaps a hundred thousand square miles of the great chain of the Cordilleras are now known to comprise Silurian rocks, which yield fossils even at a height of 20,000 feet. Notwithstanding the risks and wounds received during revolutionary contests, Mr.

Forbes intends returning to Bolivia to resume his explorations, and to climb, if possible, to the highest of the mountain summits.—The iron-sand, which covers many miles of country in New Zealand, to the great annoyance of settlers in windy weather, is likely to become a considerable source of profit; for analysis of samples brought to England shows it to be composed of a peroxide of iron, with twelve per cent of titanium—a rare combination. It is, moreover, readily convertible into steel of singularly good quality; and sundry manufactured specimens which have been put to the test as razor-blades, and other cutting instruments, show proof of a keen edge, a surface less easily tarnished than that of ordinary steel, and unusual hardness. Hence, in their so-called sand, which is attracted as readily as steel-filings by the magnet, we may believe that the New Zealand colonists have a metalliferous resource valuable to them as gold-fields; that is, should "Taranaki steel" maintain its present reputation among manufacturers.—In a communication to the Geological Society of Dublin, Mr. Alphonse Gages announces his discovery of the structure of certain mineral substances; he immersed a small piece of fibrous dolomite in dilute sulphuric acid, and found, at the end of some days, that certain parts were dissolved out, leaving only a skeleton form. In other instances, he finds one skeleton superposed on another; and he is now trying to discover the origin of serpentine, which is composed, perhaps, of three skeletons, whose interstices are filled up by another substance.

The Geographical Society, desirous to promote African discovery, are raising a subscription of £2,000 wherewith to equip Mr. Petherick for another exploration towards the head waters of the Nile.—From Australia the news of Mr. Stuart's expedition to explore the interior has surprised alike colonists and geographers; for instead of the vast traditionary desert, the scorching wilderness, and source of the suffocating "brickfielders," he found a fertile and well-watered country, suited for pastoral purposes. At the last accounts, he had returned to the settlements to report progress and replenish his supplies, but intended to repeat his endeavor to solve the mystery of the unknown interior. The happiest dis-

aid of engravings; but the essential particulars are that, in forming the sole, a straight line drawn from the ball of the great toe—the toe being in its natural position—shall pass exactly through the centre of the heel; that the edge of the sole shall be straight along its inner side from its foremost extremity to the base of the great toe; and that none but what are called “rights and lefts” should be worn. We recommend perusal of the pamphlet to all concerned—and they are not few; and especially to shoemakers, who are commonly so apt to be dogmatic, and fancy they have nothing to learn, and who torture their customers without remorse.

Of the gorgeous Christmas books, the perfection of whose type, illustrations, and binding seems to merit a notice in this our record of the Arts as well as the Sciences, these two are especially commendable—the

new edition of the *Lyra Germanica* (Longmans) and the *Ore-seeker* (Macmillan). The hymns contained in the former were perhaps some of the first compositions produced in types at the dawn of printing, and the book before us is probably the best specimen of modern art. The means employed are nearly the same, both being the production of the hand-press; but how wide the difference between the black-letter folio and the result which is now attained, itself a record of the progress of civilization! The illustrations, which are engraved under the superintendence of John Leighton, F.R.S., are as excellent and appropriate to their subjects as can be conceived. The *Ore-seeker* is also an admirably executed volume, concerning whose charming story and beautiful illustrations the only thing to be regretted is, that the author and artist are both anonymous.

SHAKESPEARE, DERIVATION OF.—The name, Shakspeare, no doubt originated in the Norman or French edition of the double beloved-disciple name (Jacques-pierre, James-peter, Jakespear), of which it is composed; the initial *J* being pronounced *sh*, as in many other instances; viz., in

Shenkins	for	Jenkins.
Sherard	“	Gerard.
Shiles	“	Giles.
Sherry	“	Jerry.
Sheridan	“	Jeridan (old Jerry).
Shenstone	“	Johnstone (Johnson).
She	“	Je, in Switzerland and elsewhere, where the French language is provincialized, etc.

With such a self-evident derivation before us, we may therefore dispense with the unlikely reference to the shaking of a spear, which most probably had nothing to do with the origin of the name, when first invented; being only a suggestion from its accidental English form; though the idea once started, the name may with some have seemed to be recommended by it.

Those who consider that Shakspeare originated in spear-shaking rely on “Breakspear,” “Winspear,” etc., as analogous, these names having a like termination in, and apparent reference to, action with a spear; but this illustration is of the kind “ignotum per ignotius.” We do not know enough of Brakespeare, etc., to justify us in saying that their origin was connected with spears; nor applying any inferences from them to other names. Probably Breakspear (a priest) was in part named after St. Peter, the chief of the apostles, and not after spears. Winspear almost looks like “Owen” (or John?) “Peter.”—*Notes and Queries*.

CHURCH: NUMBER TO FORM A CONGREGATION.—A provincial paper states, that on one of these last cold Sundays, the curate of a rural parish dismissed a very small assemblage of parishioners to their homes without performing the service. A London weekly journal of about the same date, in answer to a correspondent, states, “Nine persons form a congregation, and cannot be legally dismissed without the usual services being performed. ‘Two or three gathered together’ are generally understood to form a congregation.” Is there any law by which the number is defined to be larger than that which is required to ensure the Divine presence, Matthew xviii. 20?—*Notes and Queries*.

“**BEGONE, DULL CARE.**”—It appears to me that the following verse, which I have frequently heard sung by a lady, who learned it in childhood from the singing of others in this neighborhood, is a powerful addition to the well-known song, “Begone, dull Care.” In any company in which I have heard it sung it produced a great effect. Is it known as originally forming the concluding part of the lyric? I should say it has seldom been surpassed in that class of composition:—

“This world, they say, was made of naught,

And all that is therein—
And at the end of time it will
To naught return again.

Since this world at best
Then’s [Is?] but a jest,
And life will soon decay;

Then while we’re here,
My friends must needs dear,
Let’s drive dull Care away.

Begone, dull Care,” etc., etc.
—*Notes and Queries*.

THE following article is copied from *The New York World*, 11 March, and shows that Mr. Douglas might have made for himself a reputation as a statesman.

The material benefits of our national Union are, 1. Peace with one another. 2. Free trade with one another. 3. Strength against "outside pressure." If this "Zoll-verein" could be accomplished so as to give us the second of these advantages with British America and Mexico, the first would be very likely to follow it.

The hope of accomplishing so great an advancement as is held forth in this suggestion, is an additional argument in favor of such caution and moderation in the adjustment of our own tariff, as may make it an acceptable basis for British America, Mexico, and any other power which may arise in our neighborhood—if such calamity should befall us.

A NORTH AMERICAN ZOLL-VEREIN.

DURING the recent discussions on the new tariff bill, in the United States Senate, some ideas were thrown out by Senator Douglas, which seem to us to deserve a greater share of the public attention than they have yet attracted. So important, indeed, is the subject to which they relate, embodying, as it does, the germs of a great continental policy—a policy worthy of consideration if the Union is preserved, and doubly worthy of consideration if it should be broken—that the American people can hardly devote attention to a question better deserving profound study. It is a subject which has already engaged the earnest thoughts of some of the most sagacious minds among us, but the views toward which they tend have never been so distinctly expressed by any leading statesman as they were by Senator Douglas in the remarks to which we have alluded. "I had hoped," said Mr. Douglas, "that the time had arrived when we could mature and adopt a continental system that would embrace, in one commercial union, all the States of the North American continent, with a uniform system of duties. Such a commercial union could be adopted, in my opinion, that would be beneficial to all the states and countries who should become parties to it. I would like to see it embrace not only the United States but the Canadas upon the north, the British possessions upon the east and the north-west, and Mexico, Cuba, and the Central American States upon the south. I would like to see them all brought within the circle of one commercial union and a uniform system of duties, so far as all these states were concerned. I desire to see all custom-houses in the interior abolished, all restrictions upon internal commerce done away with, so that there should be entire free trade unrestricted between every state, province, or country

upon the American continent and the adjacent islands."

This, it will be seen, proposes, for the adoption of all North America, a system nearly identical in its essential features with the well-known *Zoll-verein*, or customs-union, of the German States. There can be little doubt that, if practicable, it would promote the interests of trade, open extensive markets for our productions and new theatres for our enterprise, and would give a fresh and powerful impetus to the growth and development of the great regions on this continent to the north and south of us. The time approaches when the commercial relations of this country with Canada, Mexico, and Cuba will demand the attention of the government. The Canadian reciprocity treaty fails to meet the expectations of its friends on this side of the frontier, in consequence of recent legislation by the Canadian Parliament violative of its spirit. From the geographical configuration of the country, commercial intercourse with us is indispensable to the Canadians, and our government owes it to its citizens that this intercourse should be put on such a basis that its advantages shall not be all on the other side. Our commercial relations with Mexico have long been in an unsatisfactory state, and the recent accession to power of the liberal party in that country is favorable to their early revision. Our trade with Cuba, also, needs to be put on a better footing; the unsuccessful negotiations of many years have failed to procure for us the advantages we desire. It is not to be expected that all the countries on the northern part of the continent can be simultaneously brought into the *Zoll-verein* arrangement; but if our government would now begin to look at our commercial relations from this point of view, and direct its diplomacy to the building up of a great continental policy, the project is so conducive to the interests of every part of North America there can be little doubt of its ultimate success. Canada is already ripe for it, and the other parts of the continent are rapidly ripening.

The proposed union does not contemplate any change in the political condition of the countries that would be parties to it. That is to say, we should get all the commercial advantages which would result from the annexation of Canada, Mexico and Cuba to this country without incorporating incongruous populations under one government, or incurring the expenses of maintaining civil order in communities that would not readily assimilate with our own. A wide field would be opened to Anglo-American enterprise; capital would be attracted to Mexico and Central America, and, by fur-

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nishing employment to labor, not only would the wealth of these countries and their ability to purchase of us be increased, but the spirit of restless insubordination which has been the bane of Mexico, and which has resulted, in part, from lack of encouragement to steady industry, would be greatly diminished. The great numbers of our citizens who would emigrate to those regions so favored by nature would naturally touch the nerves of industry and develop trade, but would tend to the diffusion of Anglo-American ideas and habits of thought. The benefits to our industry would be double. By cheapening the cost of tropical commodities, the expense of living, and consequently the cost of production, would be diminished, and industry would be further encouraged by the extension of our markets.

If, unfortunately, the upshot of our present troubles should be the permanent severance of the self-styled Confederate States from the Union, such a system would partially retrieve the loss, by retaining the mutually profitable commercial intercourse between the sections. Our national Constitution had its inception in the exigencies of trade; it was framed mainly because of the conflicting commercial regulations by which trade was prostrated and paralyzed under the old confederation. But whether the Union be dissolved or preserved, this idea of a North American Zoll-verein contains the germ of a great continental policy which deserves the profoundest study of our statesmen and our people.

From The Saturday Review, 23 Feb.

THE EMANCIPATION OF SERFS IN RUSSIA.

THE anniversary of the emperor's accession, the 3d of March, has been selected as the day on which a proclamation is to terminate Russian serfdom. For three centuries the nomadic instinct of a half-barbarous and Asiatic people has been restrained, and their indolence overpowered, by a system which has made them stationary, and as industrious as men ever are who work against their will. Whether serfdom has been a necessity or a mistake, can never be proved; but it has unquestionably kept together a supply of labor which would have been lost if dissipated over the vast steppes of Russia; while, on the other hand, it has been fruitful of cruelty, injustice, and of the hatred of class against class. During half the term of its existence the czars have striven to abolish, and the nobles to maintain it. The interests as well as the prejudices of the serf-owners have inspired them with a strong resolution to preserve a privilege which relieves them from the anxieties

of an uncertain income, permitted them to indulge in the delights of absenteeism, and imparted to them the supreme distinction of owning not only lands, but souls. The serfs have not, until recent years, cared much to change their lot. Men of exceptional ability and industry may have resented the narrow limits in which their powers were confined, and gross outrages may have stirred the breasts of injured husbands and fathers; but the mass cherished a system which saved them the trouble of thinking, and sheltered them from want and a neglected old age. The czars, however, have long perceived the political difficulties which serfdom threw in the way of imperial supremacy. As a rule, the emperor and his immediate advisers have been much in advance of the leading territorial aristocracy; and the beneficial changes they have sought to introduce have been thwarted by the immovable conservatism of the magnates. To preserve the serf system was the cardinal tenet of this conservatism. Freedom of the souls on their lands was not a political change affecting the government, and felt principally at the capital; it was an alteration in all the habits of daily life—it was an abolition of the oldest family usages—it was a confusion of the differences which made the great men great. For many years the nobles withstood the czars successfully. It is much easier to say that serfs shall be free than to say what is the exact way in which their freedom shall be worked out. The czar might order, as in Esthonia, that serfdom should cease, but the failure of the experiment might have been easily anticipated when it was determined that the nobles should be entrusted with the fulfilment of the emperor's commands. It is only by the operation of that great silent change which passes over all classes in a nation which is beginning to get rich, to read and think, and to mix with more advanced nations, that the extinction of serfdom has become possible. Villeinage passed away in England when all ranks began to grow rich, and to be transfused with the same religious and political ideas. This is the stage at which Russia has now arrived. There is no inherent distinction between the master and his serf. There is no barrier like that which race builds up between the white man and the negro. Serf and master are both Russians, and when agriculture has become possible without compulsory labor, and the serf has learned that his soul is his own, a distinction that has been rendered superfluous ceases to be possible.

The nobles, however, have resisted the change to the last, and emancipation has been forced on them by the strong hand of

a resolute government, backed by the newly formed desire of the serfs for freedom. The serf-owners have loudly protested that they will suffer greatly by the change, and that the money they may receive as compensation for the lands assigned to the emancipated serfs cannot possibly make up for the loss. They may very probably be right in this. The twenty millions sterling paid to our own slave-owners did not, as we know, prevent the West Indies from falling into the most lamentable state of pauperism and decay. The landowner is by no means sure of finding free labor at his door ready and willing to be employed. The freed men will have to attend to the cultivation of their own lands; and although the increase of population and the certainty that many small proprietors will sell their holdings might in time be depended on to provide a sufficiency of laborers glad to earn wages, the landowner feels a natural anxiety to know how he is to get on meanwhile. There is also a further cause for alarm. An enormous portion of the area of Russia is practically unoccupied, and it so happens that of this portion a considerable fraction is situated in the more recently acquired provinces of the south. The climate and the soil are much more favorable to cultivation in the south, and it is highly probable that when the serfs find themselves free to wander and capable of owning land, they will migrate to those boundless plains of virgin soil which, if properly tilled, would soon become the granary of Europe.

The northern proprietor may therefore find himself in a position painfully resembling that of a Jamaica planter. And if the larger landowner suffers anxiety and temporary distress, the smaller men may easily be swept away altogether. Many of them are deeply embarrassed already, and possess a number of serfs disproportionately great in comparison with their property. They have kept themselves afloat by the credit which the possession of serfs carries with it, and by the certainty that, if they wished to get rid of these ornamental dependants, some one else who longed to possess the coveted distinction would buy the souls they had to sell. These men will have no place in society when serfdom is gone. It is true that they will be no loss, and it is also true that the national advantages of freeing the serfs largely outweigh all the inconveniences to which the nobles can be exposed. But this does not diminish the probability that the period of transition through which Russia is now to pass will be one of great suffering and great discontent.

The attitude which the serfs have preserved since their coming emancipation was

first decreed, shows how inevitable it was that a gift so keenly desired and so patiently expected should be accorded. The serf is free because it is impossible he should not be free. With the crown serfs already enfranchised—with the government, for social and political reasons, bent on a general emancipation—and with the serfs of private owners sufficiently advanced to conceive a wish, not spasmodic but permanent, for freedom—the choice really lay between an extinction of serfdom and a revolution that would have rudely shaken the fabric of society. But it must not be expected that the serf will at once and universally assume the position of a free laborer. It is probable that some imitation of the communal system obtaining in the crown lands will be largely called into play, in order to protect those long accustomed to being guided and cared for from the effects of an absolute independence. It is only the exceptional men who will feel all the gain of freedom in the first instance. The native merchant who has hitherto paid a rent to his lord for his personal liberty, and has lived in dread of arbitrary exactions, will now enjoy the luxury of security and self-respect. He will rise in the scale of society, and thus the greatest want of Russia will be supplied, and a middle-class created. The industrious, capable, thrifty cultivator will increase his holding little by little, until he makes it possible for his descendants to pass into the rank of the territorial gentry. For some years, in all likelihood, this is all the change that will be perceptible. Here and there an individual will be seen laying the foundation of a new order of things, while the mass are still too inert, too timid and improvident to depend on themselves. But in time one change will produce another, and the circles of growth will widen. We may be sure that this emancipation of the Russian serfs is the first step to innovations which will profoundly affect Eastern Europe. More especially the Greek Church, the most stagnant form exhibited by Christianity, is certain to be roused into life or to pass into a new phase, when increasing wealth and habitual activity have given new energies to the peasant and the nobles. Nor is it easy to conceive that the scandalous extortions and caprices of the bureaucracy will be endured when free critics are at hand to watch and report their proceedings. The religion, the politics, the habits, and the morals of Russia must all undergo a gradual transformation now that serfdom is extinguished, and how powerfully and widely that transformation will affect the rest of the world no man living can even conceive.

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From The Saturday Review.

MARRIAGE ENGAGEMENTS.

THERE are two things which almost every one finds it difficult to do easily and with grace. One is for a man to announce orally that he is going to be married, and the other is to congratulate him. Why the announcement should cause embarrassment is obvious. However proud the happy lover may feel in his heart, he knows that by saying he is going to be married he at least exposes himself to the criticism of friendly curiosity. The friend to whom the announcement is made has also many reasons for feeling a little nervous. Not being a foreigner, he cannot throw himself on his friend's neck and have a good blubber, and he must confine his congratulations within the limits of English reserve. The surprise and the oddity of the thing, again, often, overpower every deeper feeling for the moment, and even the sincerest and warmest friend has been known to receive the affecting intelligence with no other answer than one long peal of laughter. And there is also a deeper cause of embarrassment. It is for the person to whom the news is imparted to continue the conversation. He must ask something, and what is he to ask? So far as the lady's name goes, and the place of her residence, all is straightforward. But what is to come next? It is absurd to ask whether she is pretty, for it is painful to the lover, if he is honest, to have to say she is not; and if he says she is, every one sets it down as a natural delusion. Delicacy equally forbids any inquiries as to her money. It is taking so very marketing a view to look at the affair of a friend's heart as a mere bargain. The only obvious and unexceptionable question is to ask whether it is to be soon, and to hear whether there is to be an engagement or an immediate marriage. If there is to be no engagement, the hero is thought more fortunate than ever. Not to wait at all, but to go in at once to connubial happiness and the smoothest of all possible loves, is considered a great triumph. The best imaginable lot is when a man has nothing to do but to hang up his hat in his wife's house. Any thing like an engagement is a diminution of the glory of matrimony. Engagements are romantic, but they are not business-like, and friends always take a remarkably business-like view of each other's

marriages; or, if they do not do so really, at any rate, they pretend to do so, in order that their reputation as smart worldly people may not accidentally suffer.

Engagements, however, are really the natural corollaries of the modern theory of marriage which supposes that unions spring from affection based on compatibility of temper, tastes, and principles. On the contrary theory, engagements are unreasonable. If married happiness, depends, as many hold, not on this preliminary romance, or any antecedent harmony, but merely on that power of adaptation which enables any two human beings who are forced to live together to get on pretty well, and fall in with each other's ways, there is no object in forming an engagement. If A is not ready to marry, B is; and, according to the hypothesis, B will do just as well. The great advantage possessed by those who hold this view of marriage is that they can appeal to facts. They say that, however marriages are commenced, they all end in about the same average of happiness. Great trials arising from worldly inconveniences being avoided, as many married people will get on well if they meet for the first time at the altar as if they have spent a couple of years in eager flirtation. Their adversaries are obliged to shirk this appeal to facts, and rest their case on the human heart. If nature has given a taste for poetry, a belief in constancy, a passion for romantic excitement, a possibility of a partial or total absorption in another person, it seems a pity to throw all this away because in course of time housekeeping will go on moderately well whether it has been thrown away or cultivated. If love is to have any thing like the place in life which it holds in poetry, room ought to be given it to expand. Long engagements are, in their way, bad things, but they are justifiable bad things. If two persons love each other, and love is the one great thing in their lives that makes their lives valuable, it is very difficult to show that they do not gain by a long engagement. It is said that the girl loses the best years of her life, and wastes away without the happiness and respectability of being married. Observations like this clearly proceed from the secret belief that one man would really do as well for her as another. If only one man would do, a crumb that falls from his table must be bet-

ter than the richest banquet of any one else. Long engagements are, at any rate, better than nothing; and if life is a blank without this particular love, a faint existence is preferable to annihilation. Both parties would have a more equable and peaceful life if they agreed to forget and keep their resolution. But the people who prefer equanimity to love ought scarcely to judge of others who have a contrary taste. The real reason why long engagements are objected to is, that as a matter of fact all the love that most people are capable of may be satisfactorily excited not only by any one of a considerable number of persons, but by more than one person in succession. If an engagement is forbidden, the common run of lovers are quite happy in a few months, and are on the look-out for a serener courtship. But the exceptions—those who really love when they are about it, who cannot repeat or transfer their feelings—unquestionably gain by not having to undergo a total separation. No man or woman of a really tender and constant nature, and once absorbed in a great passion, either refuse to enter on a long engagement or regretted having formed one. The only thing is, that engagements affect not only the parties themselves but their friends, and why should friends go through all the anxiety and trouble of a long engagement when exceptional lovers are so rare? It is in the interest of society that these engagements are discountenanced.

The lovers themselves—if the modern English theory of marriage is true—certainly profit by an engagement of some moderate length preceding marriage. It is not only that they learn to know each other, and have opportunities of seeing whether the desired harmony really exists, but many fine feelings never blossom at all if marriage immediately follows on a chance acquaintanceship. The niceties of courtship are superseded by this levelling rapidity. In the first place, there are no letters, or at any rate none worth speaking of. There is a smack of furniture and dress about the correspondence of a couple that will not condescend to wait. Now, on all the principles of romance and poetry, letters are among the choicest flowers of love. They express feelings which would be nipped in the bud if they were not put on paper. Receiving a love-letter is undoubtedly a sensation, and a very pleasant sensa-

tion, and why should it not be experienced? Probably many engagements are shortened purposely, because one, or both, of the parties are conscious that they have nothing to say. But real lovers can go on for pages, and, what is more, can bear to read the pages they receive. A lover—a truly happy, ardent, passionate lover—can stand crossing and scented note-paper, and both are trials to the male heart in its natural state. Poetry, too, ought to be written, or at least there ought to be songs without words, passing to and fro. Young people cannot be much in love if they do not have “imaginings.” But if they are to be married immediately, poetry is quite out of place. If a wife is a bargain, no one who has just paid earnest for her is likely to sing hymns to her. The Arab wrote his pretty verses to the horse he supposed he was going to lose, and not to one that was just being trotted to his tent. There appears to us to be no answer to this apology for engagements. The pleasure they offer is one which marriage does not offer; therefore, to forego it is to lose something, and the something that is lost is the very thing which is supposed to be the leading characteristic of English matches. If every one went through the love vicissitudes of a novel there would be no necessity for an engagement. If there was always a stern father who interfered exactly when a passion had been formed, if the parted couple were being continually thrown together by the most astonishing coincidences, and if the sudden wealth and dignity of the hero ultimately brought every one round, there would have been plenty of love-making, and the sooner the parson was applied to the better. But in real life things are tamer. If an immediate marriage is impossible, it is generally a choice between total separation and an engagement; and if the lovers adopt the latter course they gain more by it than they would have gained by being married immediately—that is, if they have any taste for the poetical and any feelings to express. If not, the sooner they get to paying taxes and ordering dinner the less will their course in life be ruffled.

The person who really suffers from engagements is the intended mother-in-law. It is she who is constantly on the watch and in constant anxiety, without any romance to keep her up. What are the notes and verses

in a fine manly hand to her? She has trouble on trouble to bear up against. She has to care for the respectabilities, to decide what her daughter may be seen doing, and what not; when she ought to appear, and when not; who is to be kept informed of all that goes on, and how. She has to endure the condoling congratulations of dear friends who intimate a conviction that the marriage will never take place. She has to repeat a thousand times the version of facts which she has settled on as calculated to put the best front on things. She has to guard the interests of all those members of her family who are not engaged, and to keep their chances in life still open. If her daughter is unhappy, she has to receive her confidences, to cheer, console, and reason. If the lover is too intrusive or too negligent, she has to admonish him without making him enter on marriage with a settled hatred of her. Mothers who love their daughters, and who are capable of undergoing anxiety in patience, will endure all this, and smile under it. But those who are nervous, or who have only that limp feeling of intermittent regard which is often the only emotion daughters awaken in a mother's breast, either cannot or will not bear this burden. They begin to tease, discomfort, and worry their daughter, as the tedium of the affair tells upon them. They cannot forgive her for bringing them into a less pleasant position than they can fancy. If only the girl had married some one who would have taken her away directly he had fallen in love with her! It is impossible to say that an engagement which throws the mamma into such a state is a good thing. There may be penalties too heavy to pay for the development of poetical feeling and the delights of loving without thoughts of cooks and nurses; and one of these penalties is the unhappiness or the unkindness of a mother.

Even where the mother bears her lot sweetly, and where an engagement protracted in hope offers every opportunity for the blossoms of romance to spring up, the young people should always remember that

they unavoidably give a great deal of trouble. The lover, especially, should move continually with the meekness proper to a man who is convinced he is a nuisance. The love-making of engaged people is very inconvenient. They want a clear room to themselves; they believe that no one notices their most patent overtures; they think that any thing like regularity of hours would be ludicrous in them. The lady has, indeed, a suspicion of the feelings with which her relatives regard the process that is so interesting to her, but it is very hard for the lover to realize he is a bore. Young men never see any household difficulties. Dinner grows for them; it is not cooked by a fiend who adds insolence to a love of perquisites and flirtation. Bedrooms clean themselves, furniture repairs itself. If the thought occurs that things must be done by somebody, they content themselves with a general persuasion that every thing can be achieved by the simple means of giving a cad half a crown. The ease with which they confront household difficulties is immeasurably increased when they come into the house as triumphant lovers. They are happy, and why should any one else be unhappy? The people who are in love are born to rule, and the people who are not, are destined to be slaves while the love-making is going on. Nothing but the most assiduous reflection could fix in their minds that, however little they may care for it, they are disarranging the whole course of family life, causing daily and hourly anxiety, and sowing a prolific crop of tiny difficulties. There is no moral in this. It does not show that engagements are, on the whole, bad things. The nuisance may be amply compensated by a deep and substantial happiness diffused through the family. Only, if he could but see the whole truth, the new-comer would be inclined to feel grateful for the patience that is exercised towards him. The best of all arrangements is an engagement long enough to give the poetry of love its full swing, and not so long as to tire out the long-suffering of the lady's relations.

DRINK AND AWAY.

"There is a beautiful rill in Barbary, received into a large basin, which bears a name signifying 'Drink, and away!' from the great danger of meeting with rogues and assassins."—*Dr. Shaw.*

Up, pilgrim and rover!
Redouble thy haste,
Nor rest thee till over
Life's wearisome waste:
Ere the wild forest ranger
Thy footsteps betray
To trouble and danger,
Oh, drink, and away!

Here lurks the dark savage.
By night and by day,
To rob and to ravage,
Nor scruples to slay!
He waits for the slaughter;
The blood of his prey
Shall stain the still waters;
Then drink, and away!

With toil though thou languish,
The mandate obey:
Spur on, though in anguish:
There's death in delay.
No blood-hound, want-wasted,
Is fiercer than they;
Pass by it untasted,
Or drink, and away!

Though sore be the trial,
Thy God is thy stay:
Though deep the denial,
Yield not in dismay;
But, rapt in high vision,
Look on to the day
When fountains Elysian
Thy thirst shall allay.

Then shalt thou forever
Enjoy thy repose,
Where life's gentle river
Eternally flows.
Yea, there shalt thou rest thee
Forever and aye
With none to molest thee:
Then drink, and away!

—*Dr. Croswell.*

TO A DEAD HOPE.

LIE still, lie deep and still,
O my dead hope! my withered flower!
Bright nursing of a short spring hour!
Thus thy untimely grave I fill,
And treading in the sullen clay,
Prison thee down with a roof of stone,
And leave thee in thy shroud alone,
Turning, with foot resolved, away,
To the sound of thy funeral knell—
"Farewell! utterly farewell!"

Now sleep, forever sleep;
For should thy ghost arise, and glide
With its smile and its whisper to my side,
My rebel soul must fail to keep,
Against the magic of thy beauty,
Its faith with self, its league with duty;
But, in thy burial garments clad,
Would force thee back to life and me;

Or, if too strong a fate forbade,
Would choose a living death with thee;
Would madly follow to share thy doom
In the dust and the shame of the hopeless tomb;
Therefore I ring so stern a knell,—
"Utterly, utterly farewell."

Lie still till I am still.
When to thine image I am cold,
When the bosom which fostered thee is old,
When my heart has forgotten its restless thrill,
If this, which seems so strange, may be,—
Then will I dare, in leisure hours,
Beside this grave, to muse on thee;
And I will strew it with late flowers;
And thy dim spirit shall be free
From its long prison to arise
And flit before my tearless eyes.
But until then obey thy knell,—
"Buried hope, farewell, farewell."

In thy young beauty sleep!
What Time, the prover, might have shown
I cannot tell. Thou mightest have sown
What it were bitterness to reap.
Thine infant smiles might have grown
Into a cunning, baleful guest,—
Into a giant fierce and strong,
A power of tyranny and wrong,
To crush the life from its nurse's breast.
But now in love and honor rest,
Only, while I ring thy knell.
I will believe 'tis wise, 'tis well
To say thus utterly—Farewell!
—*Fraser's Magazine.* E. HINXMAN.

THE STUDENT.

Air.—"Oh! may I marry thee?"
THE live-long day, and many a night,
Upon my books I pore,
And is it all for fame's delight,
Or all for golden store?
It is not for the golden pay,
Or fame's bright face to see,
But oh! to hurry on the day
When I may marry thee,
My love,
When I may marry thee.

The breezy morn, the sunset bright,
To me no gladness bring,
Nor summer with its bloom and light,
Nor freshness of the spring;—
Yet I have glimpses of a ray
As bright as they can be—
Thy fond look on that happy day
When I may marry thee,
My love,
When I may marry thee.

I thought to seek a soldier's lot,—
Bright fame, or narrow bed,—
Yet I am chained to one lone spot,
By love-hopes only led;
But heart and brain shall win their way
To some good destiny,
And hurry on the blissful day
When I may marry thee,
My love,
When I may marry thee.

ROBERT DWYER JOYCE.